BRITANNIA and EVE

JANUARY
1946

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BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 32, No. 1 JANUARY, 1946

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All contributions intended for publication must be addressed to the Editor, "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, Number One New Oxford Street, W.C.1, and be accompanied by a stamped and addressed envelope. No responsibility can be accepted for the safety of any MSS., but every effort will be made to ensure their safe return if found unsuitable. The Rates of Subscription to "Britannia and Eve" will be found on page 68. The characters in all the stories in this number are purely imaginary, and no reference or allusion is intended to any living person or persons.

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Refreshments in PARTY frills

It's a pleasure to break away from the serious side of cooking sometimes. What better excuse than a children's party? Without too great a strain on the rations, and with a little ingenuity, you can give your refreshments those colourful and festive touches that will delight your little guests. Here are some ideas:

ICING WITHOUT ICING SUGAR

When you ice your cake, you can save on sugar in the cake recipe, which can be quite plain in itself, so the idea is not so extravagant after all.

FUDGE ICING

½ lb. sugar, ½ pint milk (fresh milk, or household milk in which you have melted a small knob of margarine, or richest of all, unsweetened evaporated milk), flavouring and colouring.

Put all ingredients into a saucepan and boil, stirring occasionally, until a little dropped into cold water will form a soft ball. Remove from stove, cool a little, and then stir briskly until mixture is thick and opaque. Spread while warm on to the cake with a knife dipped in hot water.

Flavouring: 1. Dessertspoonful of undiluted coffee essence. 2. Two level tablespoons cocoa. 3. Yellow cookery colouring and lemon or orange flavouring to taste. 4. A few drops red colouring, and vanilla to taste (vanilla should be stirred into the mixture just before taking off stove).

Fudge icing is more quickly made in a frying-pan than a saucepan.

COLOURED FROSTING

Put a few drops of cookery colouring in a plate with some sugar, and work the sugar about with a knife until it is nicely coloured. Sprinkle on little cakes before baking. Beetroot juice gives a good pink.

CAKE OR SANDWICH FILLINGS

DATE FILLING: *4 oz. chopped dates, 6 tablespoons water, 1 level tablespoon soya flour, few drops lemon essence, pinch mixed spice.* Cook the dates in the water until soft. Mix in the other ingredients and leave to cool.

CHOCOLATE FILLING: *1½ tablespoons sweetened condensed milk, 2 level tablespoons cocoa, 1 level tablespoon soya flour, 1 teaspoon vanilla essence, 1 tablespoon hot water.* Mix all the ingredients very thoroughly together.

JELLY WHIP FILLING: *2 level tablespoons flour, 1 pint water or fruit juice, 3 level tablespoons gelatine, 1 level tablespoon sugar, flavouring essence and colouring.* Gradually add the liquid to the flour, stirring well to prevent lumps, boil gently for 5 minutes, pour on to the gelatine and sugar and stir till dissolved. Set aside until cold and just beginning to set. Add flavouring and colouring and whisk until thick and foamy.

(S136)

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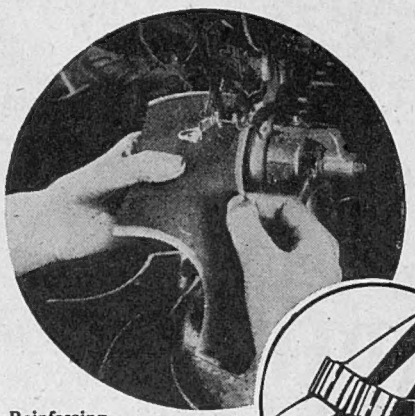

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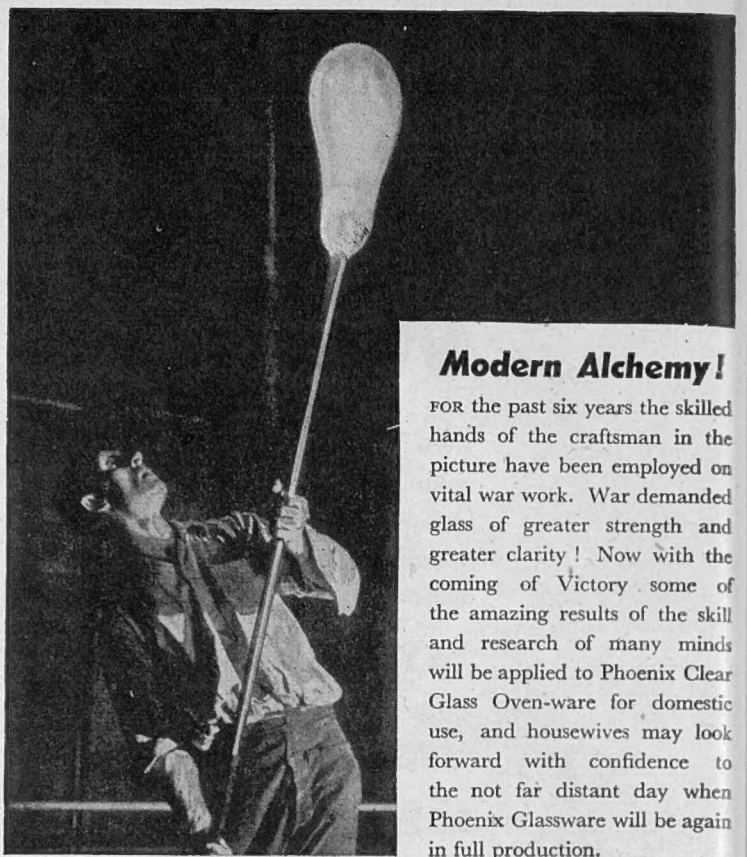

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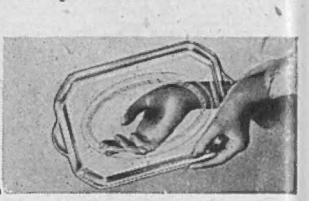

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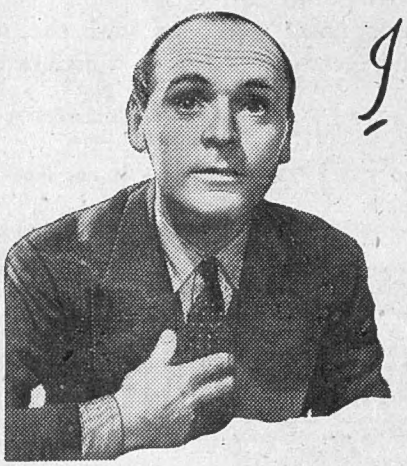

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Her grandson was new but her shoes were old

A day or two back, Mrs. Jackson came past the shop wheeling her new grandson in the pram. A fine baby he is — living image of his mother — and is his granny proud of him! We got talking, and I asked after Mr. Jackson.

"*He's all right,*" said Mrs. J., "*only like so many others he's worried about prospects and income tax. Wants me to be more economical—asked yesterday evening if these shoes I've got on were another new pair!*

"*I had to laugh. Remember these shoes? They're the ones I bought for my daughter's wedding and got you to put Phillips rubber soles and heels on right away. I told Mr. J. there was nothing he could teach* me *about economising over shoes.*"

She's right too — there's nothing like having Phillips rubbers on new shoes right away. Keeps 'em smart and makes 'em last. Take it from me —

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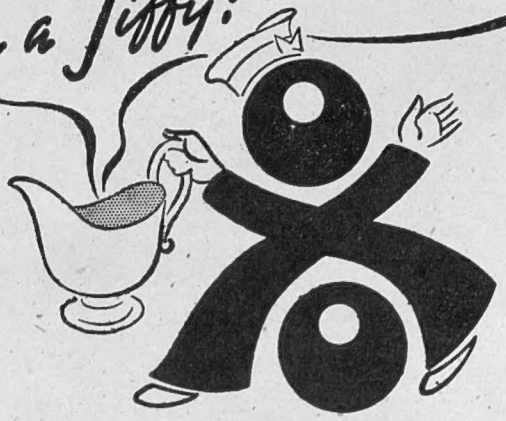

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...and **grow**
...and **thrive**
...and **gain!**

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'Milk of Magnesia'

* *'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of magnesia.*

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NESCAFÉ IS A SOLUBLE COFFEE PRODUCT
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pray will you love me?

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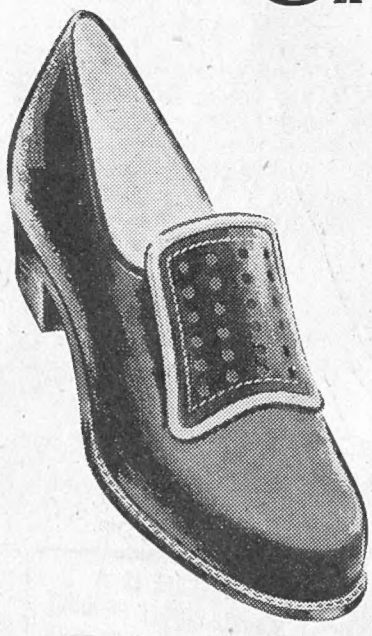

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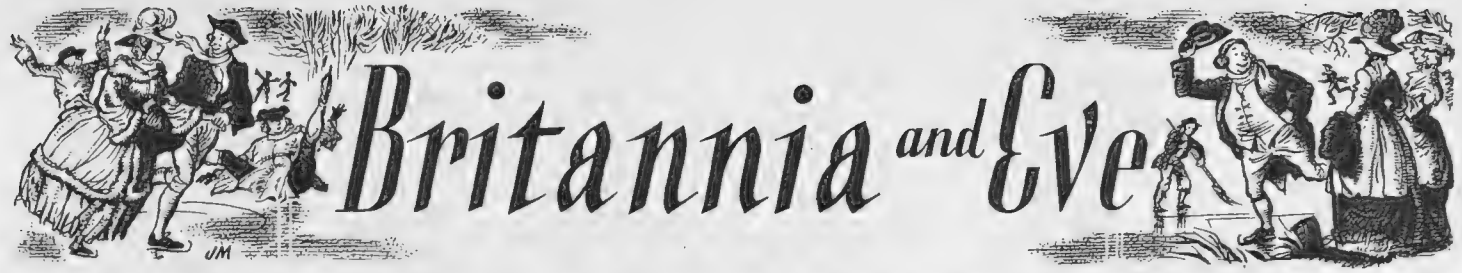
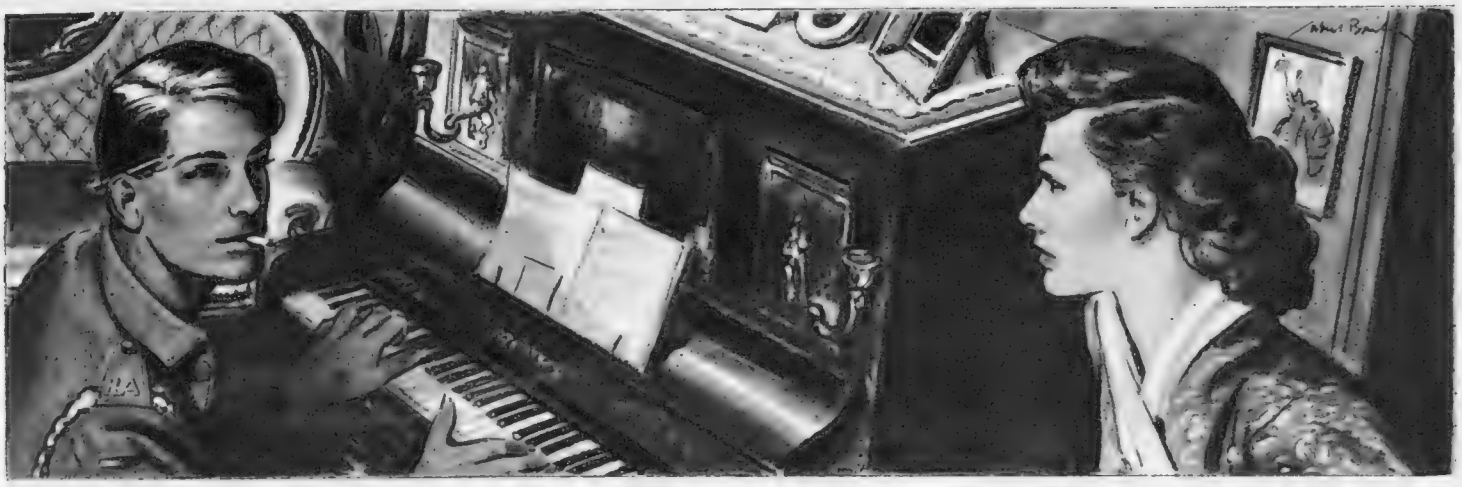




"Come right in," he said cheerfully. "An audience doesn't worry me"

An Ear For Music

Which Started A Love Romance

By

Stanley Jackson

SHE lay back and made foamy little waves froth in the bath. In a wildly patriotic moment she had painted a thick red mark at the regulation 5 inches. Well, the war was over now and the red line lay scuttled under thick soapy, waves, scented by the most expensive bath crystals she could find. She closed her eyes and luxuriated in the perfumed warmth until a wisp of soap tickled her nose and she sneezed.

She began to lather her arms and shoulders, but lazily and with the carelessness of a woman who has no need to hurry. Jeff would wait, and there would be nothing but a wry smile if she sailed in on the party an hour late. No, there would never be any need to dive madly into one's clothes because Jeff was waiting.

Perhaps that was what had attracted her to him in the beginning, she reflected as she slipped on the bathrobe. He was one of those men who can shed the office personality as soon as they leave their desks. You could scarcely believe that the tall young colonel with the grizzled moustache and the smooth line of chatter with head waiters was a terror at the War Office.

"He 's a regular Jekyll and Hyde, darling," Jo Willard had assured her, laughingly. "Far too dangerous to marry. He 's probably a wife-beater under that layer of charm. They 're terrified of him in Whitehall. Jack says he once gave him a most frightful 'bottle' because he couldn't put his hands on a memo. or some damned silly paper right away. Jack was pleased as Punch when he was posted to Burma. Anything rather than work in *that* office! Of course, Jeff 's a darling, really, and we 're all *madly* jealous, dear. . . ."

She pulled on her best pair of stockings and glanced at the clock on the dressing-table. Still an hour and a half before Jeff was due to pick her up. Suddenly she panicked at the idea of the party to-night. It was stupid, of course; the same old bunch would be there at the Savoy: Jo; Peter; Pam Rogers, looking as if her Wren uniform had been tailored by Molyneux; old Brigadier Howard, being gallant in a sweet, old-fashioned way; that crazy American from the Embassy; Bill, cracking jokes about the empty sleeve he 'd acquired in a raid over the Ruhr. . . .

And Jeff would be charming in that calm, sure, positive way of his, and say just the right thing about the cooking and the table decorations. Although he had been married before, he would make her feel that being engaged to her was the most exciting novel thing that had ever happened.

There were no red tabs about his conversation. He talked easily, fluently, and with the easy charm of a man who knows that his uniform fits. There was nothing imperious about him as he walked into a restaurant, but he had an unconscious dignity that would have clung to him even if he had been wearing a shabby tweed jacket and spotted flannel bags.

Not that she would ever see Jeff in any such outfit, she reflected, as she pencilled her eyebrows. A tiny alarm-bell jangled in a corner of her brain. Benny ought to be here by now. . . . He was never late.

"I 'll be over with the dress at seven, Miss Mercer. On the dot."

SHE went over to the wardrobe and ran her fingers along the rail. If he didn't show up she would have to wear the red dress, and it was definitely a tired number of the Munich era. Benny had never failed yet and he would do wonders with that pleated blue frock, she reassured herself. What a pity he wasn't on the 'phone, though.

Her eyes rested on the patched blue C.D. jacket with the "Ambulance Driver" flash on the sleeve. Funny how things change. Her mind's eye flashed back to the mad, dusty, aching nights of the blitz. She wasn't "Miss Mercer" to Benny or the other firemen when the sirens were wailing and bombs kept crumping and a child lay moaning with a broken leg in the van while you zig-zagged through the streets and prayed that the hospital hadn't been hit.

She creamed her face with firm, skilful fingers, but her eyes were looking through the mirror into the burning shambles of Hitchin Street, Holborn. Benny, pint-sized and dressed in a uniform that bagged round his skinny frame, was stumbling out of a cloud of smoke and dodging blazing rafters, while the sweat ran down his face. They gave him the George Medal for what he did that night, but the newspaper reporters did not see him break down and cry like a child over what he had seen in Hitchin Street that night.

She lit a cigarette and stuck it between his lips.

"Thanks, ducks. I 'm okay now." And the Cockney had bubbled up inside him as he gulped down the hot cocoa from her thermos. "Reg'lar Flo Nightingale, ain't you?" he had grinned. "Now kiss me good-night and I 'll die 'appy!"

No, she wasn't "Miss Mercer" then. Just "Jill" and "ducks." Somehow, it was easy to talk to Benny. He always managed to laugh when a bomb made the canteen shack wobble like a blancmange. And when the "All Clear" sent its wonderful note of relief over London's roof-tops, they would walk across to Kingsway and share the morning newspaper over a cup of tea and a sausage.

"You know what I'm going to do when this lot's over," he had said solemnly. "Open one of them cleaners. You know, 'Press-up While You Wait.' Quids in it."

"And I'll be your first customer, Benny," she had promised, with a laugh. "Wherever you are."

And here she was in a flat in Portland Place, Jill Mercer, fashionable stage designer, with *décors* for two West End hit shows, and a bunch of friends drifting towards the Savoy Bar, and a red-tabbed colonel who would slip an engagement-ring on her finger in a little under an hour.

SHE got up and lit a cigarette. Suddenly, more than anything in the world, she wanted Benny to ring the doorbell. "I'm frightened, Benny," she would say. "Butterflies in my stomach. I wish Jeff hadn't made me promise to marry him. It was fun going to shows and restaurants with him. If only he hadn't gone sentimental on me."

And Benny would give his short, caustic laugh. "Blimey, some people don't know when they're on velvet! The Colonel's lady going soft. Now stick some powder on that little beak and go off and enjoy yourself. And remember to send me a bit of wedding-cake. You've been living alone too long, my girl, that's what's up with you. It gives you funny ideas."

Yes, Benny would hose all this nonsense with his common sense. She went over to the cocktail cabinet and poured herself the little gin that was left in the bottle. Benny would be chirpy, as usual, but suddenly there might be a patch of silence between them, and each would know what was in the other's mind. No, perhaps it was better that he didn't come too soon. . . .

She went over to the Baby Grand and thumbed through a few sheets of music from the new shows, all autographed by the composers. She sat down and played for a while, but the music sounded vapid. Perhaps she had heard it too often. And then, quite mechanically, she began to pick out the notes of an odd little tune with sudden cunning pauses and a final scurry of melody.

She stopped playing and banged down the piano-lid with quite unnecessary force. She noticed that her hand trembled as she lit another cigarette. Get a grip on yourself, you idiot. . . . 'Phone Jo and suggest that she come over and help you with your make-up. Or go down to the bar and order yourself a stiff drink. *Do something*, her brain yelled at her. Don't drive yourself insane playing that silly tune.

But her hands and legs had gone dead, and the little song surged back into her head in a mocking crescendo. The smoke from her cigarette curled away to the ceiling and through it she saw another room, so very different from this one with its rich carpet and the suave, smiling faces of famous actors and actresses looking down from silver frames on the mantelpiece.

It was a small, bare room, with a bed that creaked and a mothy bedspread and a gas-ring. The smell of cabbage floated up from Mrs. Gorman's kitchen and mingled with the kippery odour of another lodger's supper. Twenty-five shillings a week, bed and breakfast, and you were jolly lucky if the bath-water ran hot in the mornings.

She had been driving all evening and crawled into bed with a thumping headache. Then someone started playing Mrs. Gorman's piano downstairs. She closed her eyes and tried to shut out the sound, but the jingle danced up the stairs and slipped under her door. She jumped out of bed, frowning, and shrugged herself furiously into her dressing-gown. If a poker had been handy she would have armed herself with it on the spot.

Now the fool was actually singing; singing cheerfully, as if there were no bombs falling, no Dorniers pounding overhead, no ambulance drivers gasping for a little sleep.

Illustrations by

She had heard at a sherry party that he was "a big pot" at the War Office. It wasn't difficult to corner him; he had been looking at her for some time with eyes that were frankly appreciative without somehow being offensive

Albert Bailey

" Let 's face it, darling, though tomorrow may bring rain. . . ." Her mouth set in a hard line. He 'd face it, she decided grimly, sweeping down the stairs. He was vamping hard on the keys and swaying like a drunken man when she walked into the living-room.

" Good-evening," she said coldly. He gave her a crooked grin over his shoulder and went on playing. He was tall and thin, and a lick of black hair fell over his forehead.

" Come right in," he said cheerfully. " An audience doesn't worry me."

She swallowed. " Look here," she blurted, " I 'm trying to sleep."

He stopped with a jerk, unfolded his long legs and stood up awkwardly. He stooped rather and gangled a little, and he seemed thinner than ever. Altogether he looked like a big, awkward schoolboy, especially when he twisted his mouth in a grin. He was grinning now.

" We composers are all inconsiderate," he said. " Chopin . . . Tschaikowski . . . Wagner." He spread his large hands. " The public must bear with us in our creative birth-pains."

" Are you a composer ? " she murmured, jarred out of her irritation.

His left eye closed in a wink. " Lady, give me your ears." He coiled himself round the piano stool and flicked the notes with the bravura of a concert pianist. Then he slipped into the tune that had brought her downstairs.

"Let 's face it," he announced solemnly.

" I quite agree," she said icily. " I don't know how long you 're staying here, but this sort of nonsense will have to be kept to mornings."

" Sorry," he said, lifting his eyebrows. " My aunt tells me there 's a bloke here who works nights. Can't disturb him in the mornings."

She swallowed hard. There was something in his voice that warned he would have to be handled carefully. She flipped a mental coin and decided that kid gloves would be worn. She smiled, and produced a dimple.

" Is Mrs. Gorman your aunt ? " she murmured. " My name 's Mercer. Jill Mercer."

He gave her a mock salute. " Ned Clayton. Acting unpaid Lance-corporal, Royal Artillery."

She laughed. " I thought you said Chopin."

" I 'm just working on a new tune," he said pleasantly. " I 've written hundreds. Never had a sausage published ! But this one 's a winner. Sit down and listen."

He must have played it another twelve times, when Mrs. Gorman came in with her hair done up in scores of little pins. " Just popped up for my shawl," she said hurriedly. " It 's chilly down in

the cellar." She gave them a wide grin that was oddly like her nephew's. "No good asking you to come down, I suppose? Wouldn't get me to stay up here for a million." A bomb crumped not far away. "Two million," she corrected herself, making for the door.

He didn't speak for a long moment, but there was a look of affectionate amusement in his eyes that said a great deal.

"You're fond of your aunt, aren't you?" she murmured.

He tapped something on the keys that sounded like "Home, Sweet Home," though she wasn't sure.

"My parents are both dead," he said quietly. "Before I joined up I went to an Engineering College in Sheffield. I always stayed with Aunt Margaret in the holidays." He leaned back and snapped his fingers. "No mystery, milady."

"You've got a gift for this sort of thing," she said, waving a vague hand at the piano. "I'd like to hear more about it. Before I went into this ambulance-driving job I was doing a bit of designing for the stage. You know, painting sets and figuring out period dresses and that kind of rubbish." She gave a short laugh. "It seems a thousand years ago."

He regarded her thoughtfully, and the corner of his mouth twisted into that funny grin. "Miss Mercer," he said, with mock pompousness, "I approve of you."

She dropped a slight curtsy. "Play that tune of yours again. It's got something." She hummed a few bars. "I might get a friend of mine interested in it."

He swivelled on the piano-stool. "I say, you're turning the old story upside down," he said, raising his eyebrows in faked surprise. "Isn't it usually the man who gives the stage-struck girl her chance in the big city?" He snapped his fingers again. "You'll have to work fast, lady. I'm on embarkation leave." He turned back to the piano and vamped out the chorus of "Chinese Blues."

"Look here," she said suddenly, "I'll go and put some clothes on and we'll go for a walk. It's stuffy in here with these black-out curtains." Before he could lift his eyebrows she was running upstairs, and the headache had drifted away.

THEY walked to the end of the street and neither said anything. It was a cool, crisp night and the searchlights looked like gigantic blades of bright steel.

"I can't imagine you an engineer," she said thoughtfully.

He laughed. "I'm not really. One day I want to design racing-cars. You know, big streamlined jobs that streak round the track." He chuckled to himself. "When you've staged your first West End play, perhaps you'll be driving a roadster designed by Ned Clayton. Why not?" he added, with a shrug. "No harm in dreaming."

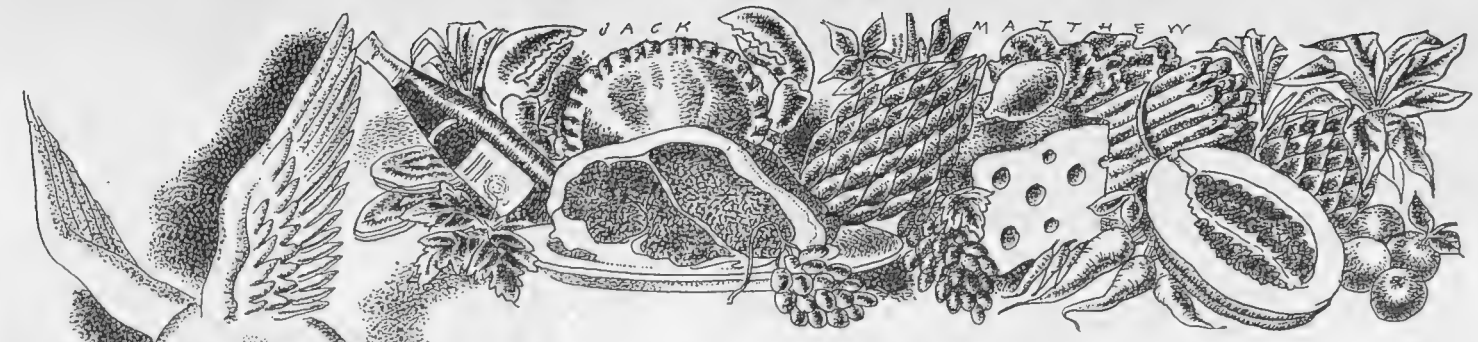
An Air Raid Warden stopped them. "You ought to know better, soldier," he said reprovingly. "This is no time to go courting in the moonlight." He pointed a gloved finger. "Nearest shelter's second on the left."

"Thanks," said Ned, and somehow it had seemed natural to take her arm.

She stubbed out her cigarette-end and lit another. The ashtray was almost full of dead butts. How quickly those few days had gone. . . . She could hear his laugh still, that hearty, schoolboy laugh as he greeted her outside the Ambulance H.Q.

"We're going to Soho to-night. Little place I know in Old Compton Street. Marvellous Ravioli." (*Continued on* p. 52)

"I've waited over an hour for my trousers, and I want 'em, pressed or unpressed," he shouted. It was then he caught sight of Jill



Celebrated Meals of History

Menus Which Have Eased Diplomatic Friction

By Ferdinand Tuohy

IN the summer of 1926 a joyful current of deliverance coursed through Europe. After six years of wrangling, during which effort upon effort to make something out of the peace led to stone wall after stone wall, and former allies-in-arms grew to be more hostile to one another than to the Germans, suddenly, out of the blue, the glorious tidings spread: *The French and the Germans had agreed to let bygones be bygones and to work together.*

Shall I lightly forget the rest of that day at Geneva? The shining eyes, the gaiety of gesture in the corridors, the sweet relief which breathed that unmistakable "At last!" and, better than any words, "If they could do it, we all could!"

Yes, hope leapt in our breasts anew that July nineteen years ago, and the cause of it all was two men and a menu.

Écrevisses du Lac
La Truite Saumonée
Perdreaux en Cocotte
Pommes Lyonnaises
Salade de Laitue
La Pêche Melba
Fromage de Brie

Café, Fine Napoléon 1811
Arbois, Romanée Conti 1911
Pommery Sec 1915

At a famous inn up in the Jura Mountains behind Geneva, Briand and Stresemann had sat down to lunch at 1 p.m. and risen three hours later, flushed and mellow but arm-in-arm—the first French and German statesmen so to appear for nearly a hundred years.

THE luncheon of Thoiry joined the celebrated meals of history and for many a month thereafter—almost until Stresemann broke the spell by dying—"Thoiry" came to be synonymous with good fellowship and sound sense, friendly give-and-take and *peace*.

But you are not going to tell me that the same result could have been achieved had these two renowned gourmets sat down to

Brown soup
Fish Balls
Roast Mutton
Cabbage Boiled Potatoes
Sago and Prunes
Cheese
Coffee Minerals

Such menus are dangerous. An aroma of sourness comes from their very perusal. What a banquet to set before five Foreign Ministers met in London to try and make something out of *this* peace! Yet are you so certain that something closely akin was not actually served at St. James's Palace a short while ago? "The banquet of three simple courses which was on the five shillings a head scale, made a poor showing." That has an ominous ring about it, hasn't it, for all of us familiar with austerity meals under the restaurant regulations?

The idea, apparently, was the puerile one of "larning" Russians and Americans who can wallow in fine food in their own countries, to what thin and dull fare Britain is still reduced, and the effect, of course, was ulcerous. Back went Byrnes and Molotov to Lancaster House, no doubt burping in their gloom and ready, aye, ready, to argue every point. Too late did Ernie Bevin send for sandwiches and tell-tale syphons at all hours of the morning. Such means may have brought round other meetings in his experience, but you can't expect to get results at the highest level from 3 a.m. snacks; or, worse, the results you may get, can be disastrous.

After Bevin had likened a Molotov argument to a pronouncement by Hitler, goes on A. J. Cummings: "It seems that occasionally when the disputes became particularly hot, there was a brief retirement for liquid refreshment. But this artificially convivial stimulus soon wore off when the war of words was resumed."

Foreign Ministers, as other felines, like to have the walls of their stomachs imaginatively coaxed into giving the appropriate gastric juices. When this supervenes, barriers begin to come down. A little later—say with the *entrée*—the maestros will start to nod comprehension, if not approval, of one another's cases. And by the time a rich cheese appears, to be followed by perfect coffee, old brandy, and Cuba's most delectable weed—why, by then a mellowness has pervaded and invaded, which can be of great value to suffering humanity provided the mellowed Ministers do not afterwards forget what they agreed about, or deny versions subsequently put out by their recent and convivial opposite numbers.

The latter circumstance can be very serious and has, indeed, led to more than one of the major (*Continued on page* 56)

Decoration By Jack Matthew

On the beach a panting figure scrabbles sand to hide the corpse

Murder à

IN a lonely lane a middle-aged schoolmistress chokes under strangling hands. In the twilight on the lonely beach a panting figure bends over the mutilated body of a thin-armed woman, scrabbles sand to hide the corpse. A shadow slips away from the dark mass of the Ring o' Bells, putting distance between itself and the battered old woman lying dead on the bathroom floor. On Lambeth Bridge a taxicab slows, the door opens, the bullet-pierced body of the driver slumps out and rolls over into the gutter, the cab accelerates and its red tail-light vanishes like a spark in the night. A young brickworker strolls at dusk with his wife down Gallows-Tree-lane. "Got a light, mister?" Three soldiers confront the couple, and suddenly, *crack!* the brickworker falls, shot. Why? Six weeks later the police still seek the answer.

They followed fast on one another's heels, the murders of the autumn of 1945. Almost daily, it seemed, in the car park at the Yard, the police driver was starting up, a Chief Inspector and his sergeant were hopping in, the official photographer with his camera and box of plates behind them. Off to the scene of another killing. Newspaper readers had the abrupt impression of a murder wave: aftermath, undoubtedly, of the war, and with worse to come.

IT was, however, just one of those runs which sometimes occur. One in the autumn of 1929 presented the police with half a dozen unsolved murder mysteries in a row. The year 1945 ended with a normal crop ("normal" is sixty a year: the average rose to sixty-three in the first five years after the last war, but subsequently dropped sharply, and ran out at fifty-seven for the period 1919-33). This is surprising, seeing that the police are under strength—10,000 short of the full strength, 27,500 in the Metropolitan area—and there are so many Service revolvers and German automatics around, so many deserters, British and alien, at large, so much black-market crime, so much money about, and so many criminal gangs organized, operating, and feuding.

But what is more interesting is that a cross-section of the 1945 murder picture discloses no new fashions in murder. A Scotland Yard Inspector with whom I was discussing the phenomenon remarked that it was as well, for these periodical murder fashions give the police a lot of trouble. They may even increase murder through suggestion. Not that a new murder technique always discloses itself immediately. The last really original method enabled the inventor to get away with murder for quite a time before he retraced the ingenious but now dangerously familiar pattern once too often.

GEORGE SMITH discovered that if you playfully grasp the ankles of even a strong young woman while she is lying in a half-filled bath-tub, and pull them up, her head will go under, the water will rush up her nostrils, and she will drown quickly, almost soundlessly, and without any struggle of the kind which leaves traces. Unfortunately two men who had read of a woman dying "accidentally" in this way at Blackpool, read later of an exactly similar case at Highgate, and drew Scotland Yard's attention to the coincidence; and that was the end of the man who had made a living as a "professional husband" out of his device. No murderer took on where Smith left off. Too dangerous.

One brilliant flash in technique is reported from America, but remains uncopied here. A financially embarrassed dentist inserted a lethal dose of aconitine in his father-in-law's hollow tooth, and plugged it with a temporary wax stopping. Ten days later the wax dissolved, the poison dropped, the man died; and the dentist imagined that, through his wife's inheritance, his troubles were over. The post-mortem, however, revealed cause of death, and recovered enough evidence to destroy the dentist's alibi and send him to the electric chair.

But murder fashions remain, making queer periodic streaks in the pattern of homicide. One fire murder is followed by a series; one arsenic assassination, by so many others that the police surgeons are almost disconcerted when, on opening the body of another poison victim, they find a different substance has been used; a gun bump-off looses a positive hail of bullets, despite the fact that in Britain murderers ordinarily are shy of using guns.

WHAT causes these periodical vogues? I have an old diary note of answers to this question from two authorities to whom I put it. Old Clarence Darrow, the American Marshall Hall, said: "Suggestion," and went on to develop that thesis to the point of asserting that high-hill public hangings were

Illustrations

Newspaper readers had the abrupt impression of a murder

la Mode

Men and Women Kill for Revenge, for Money, in Fear, or to Solve a Problem in Living. Science and Machines Keep the Technique of Murder-hunting Dynamic, and once a Murderer is Pin-pointed it Becomes increasingly Difficult for Him to escape or go Free for lack of Evidence

By C. Patrick Thompson

A taxi slows, the door opens, the driver's bullet-pierced body slumps out

abolished in England and America mainly because, instead of deterring, they increased murder by turning the thoughts of the weak-minded to it. "Imitation," said Chief Inspector Gough, one of the old Yard's Big Five. As the dinner at which we were neighbours proceeded, he gave me instances and explained that, unlike the forger, housebreaker or confidence-trickster, few murderers have time or opportunity to learn their job. So they usually follow the other fellow. Even if he happens to get detected and hanged, they argue that he botched it, and they will learn from his blunder, and do better.

Maybe, it's a combination of suggestion and imitation.

Lindsay Marshall came into the living-room of the big old farm-house. "The car's outside, dear." He helped his wife into her coat, and they went out. At a lonely spot on the Bedfordshire road he stopped the car. He put his hand in his pocket.

by S. Tresilian

wave: aftermath, undoubtedly, of the war, and with worse to come

"My pipe—why, look at that, across the field, my dear." She looked, turning her back, and the hedgerow, the green fields, the trees, dissolved in a blinding flash of light and the sky fell on her in thunder.

Lindsay laid down the gun, restarted the car. Further along, he threw away the gun. Ahead was the telegraph post. The road was still empty of life. He carefully crashed the car against the post. Then he got out, shook petrol over the back seats, the dead woman, the floor. And then he got back into the driving seat, and took out of his pocket a phial and a box of matches. He struck a match, tossed it into the back of the car, and quickly crunched the phial and swallowed. Before the fire touched him, he was dead.

The car burned there by the roadside, and the bodies burned too, and it looked like an accident. The man had what seemed to him good reasons for precipitating his wife into the shades, and immediately following her thither; and equally good reasons for trying to avoid a scandal. He nearly brought off the coup. But the routine autopsy revealed the bullet wound, and resultant closer examination of the male body disclosed the secret of the prussic acid.

Marshall was a well-educated, intelligent man, capable of orderly planning. His thoughtful technique failed, but was followed by inferior but more cunning minds animated by coarser motives. Furnace, a sailor turned carpenter, grew restless. He wanted to chuck an old life, start a new one. That needed money. One day the neighbourhood rent collector, Walter Spatchett, disappeared with his bag of rents. "Ha, absconded!" said his employer, and informed the police.

Next day Furnace's shed caught fire, and the carpenter was brought out by the firemen, dead and charred. But not burnt quite enough—a small girl, passing, had seen smoke drifting out, and raised the alarm too soon—to hide the bullet hole through back and heart. The features were unrecognizable, but teeth are sufficient identification if you can match them with the dentist's chart. These teeth checked with Spatchett's. Furnace's plot fell in ruins. The hunt was on. Two weeks later the murderer, cornered, killed himself.

TWO weeks is a pretty good run for a hunted murderer in this tight small island. The young clerk from the S.S. *Morea*, Fred Bywaters, was arrested a few hours after he had stabbed Thompson to death at a shadowy corner in Ilford as Thompson walked home with his wife, Edith, Bywaters' mistress. The police knew whom to look for.

Rouse was caught inside forty-eight hours.

That sex-vain, restless little man, a commercial traveller, planned to die and rise again, making a new life with a girl he had been courting under an alias in another part of England. He insured his life, and duly "died" in a car accident. At least, that part of the plan worked. It was the millionth chance—so often turning up to disconcert the murderer—that wrecked the rest of it. He had picked up the tramp, malleted him, set fire to his car, and was blithely walking (*Continued on page* 56)

Getting Ready For The Spring

Now Is The Time A Woman Car Owner Should Get Busy

By Gwyneth Pennethorne

THE old car is on the road again! After maybe six years in the garage it is doing its job. The first thing is to get it overhauled. There may be serious defects and it is not safe to go on the road until these have been seen to.

But when this is done it is up to the owner to look after the car herself. With the shortage of mechanics it is well-nigh impossible to get minor troubles and adjustments seen to—let alone routine care.

Naturally we like the car to be clean and well polished, but this is less essential than the less spectacular jobs of oiling, greasing, etc., and I shall therefore begin with them.

The amount of care a car needs depends upon its mileage, so that one cannot say offhand how often each particular job should be done. One car may need fairly constant attention, while another which gets only occasional use will go several weeks before much attention is needed. Study the guide book supplied with your car and you will find that certain jobs need doing—say every 300-400 miles; others possibly need attention every 1000 miles; a few should be seen to every time the car goes out. These include attention to the radiator, battery and petrol tank.

Always give a glance to the radiator, and fill up if necessary. Use a filter when filling up, then there is no danger of "foreign bodies" blocking up the radiator tubes. It is best to use rain water, unless your water is naturally soft, as hard water leaves a deposit of "fur" on the pipes, just as it does in a kettle. The battery needs little attention in winter, but the water is apt to evaporate rapidly in summer and it is a safe practice to give it a look over fairly frequently. Fill up to the top of the plates, being careful not to overfill, and mop up any water you may spill at once. Use a funnel. *Always* use distilled water. Keep the terminals clean. Should bluish-looking "cauliflowers" (as mechanics call them) form, clean them off and give the terminals a thin coating of vaseline.

Make sure the oil in the sump is at the correct level. Wipe the dip stick before testing and fill up if necessary, but do not overfill.

Wear an overall or "boiler suit," and gloves. Well-fitting wash leather are comfortable and easy to work in. Even so, I, personally, always fill my nails with soap before starting work, —there are some jobs which one must tackle with one's bare hands. Wet the soap and scratch it with your nails. Then when you wash the dirt comes out with the soap. A good mechanic's soap will clean your hands.

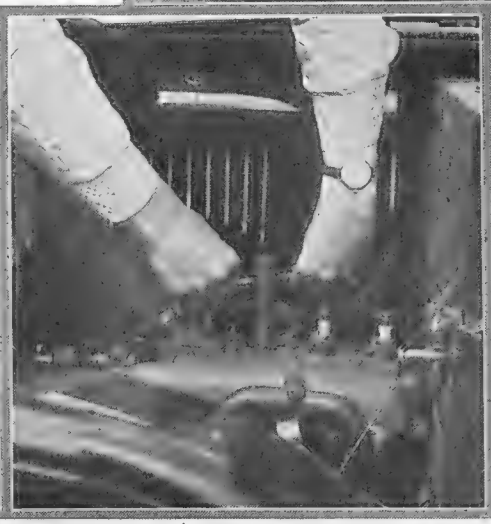
Now fill the grease gun. Gear oil is generally used for the nipples, but use whatever is advised in the car handbook—the makers know best. Study the chart of oiling and greasing points. Note the position of each and go round them methodically. Always take them in the same order so that one does not get forgotten. Clean each nipple with a piece of rag before applying the gun —there is no point in forcing dirt into the "works." Press the gun on to and work it in and out until the grease begins to ooze through the joint. Should the gun fail to work, take off the cap and press in the plunger; there is probably an air lock. In some cars there are greasing points which have to be attended to with a syringe type of gun. There is generally here a nut to be removed. Use the correct box spanner to (*Continued on page* 67)

Press the grease gun into the nipple and work it in and out until the grease begins to ooze through the joint

To grease the hubs it is necessary to remove the wheel. Loosen the nuts with the wheel brace, then jack up the wheel and remove it

While the wheel is off pick out flints with an old penknife. This bit of carefulness may save you several punctures

Touch up paint on wings with a soft brush



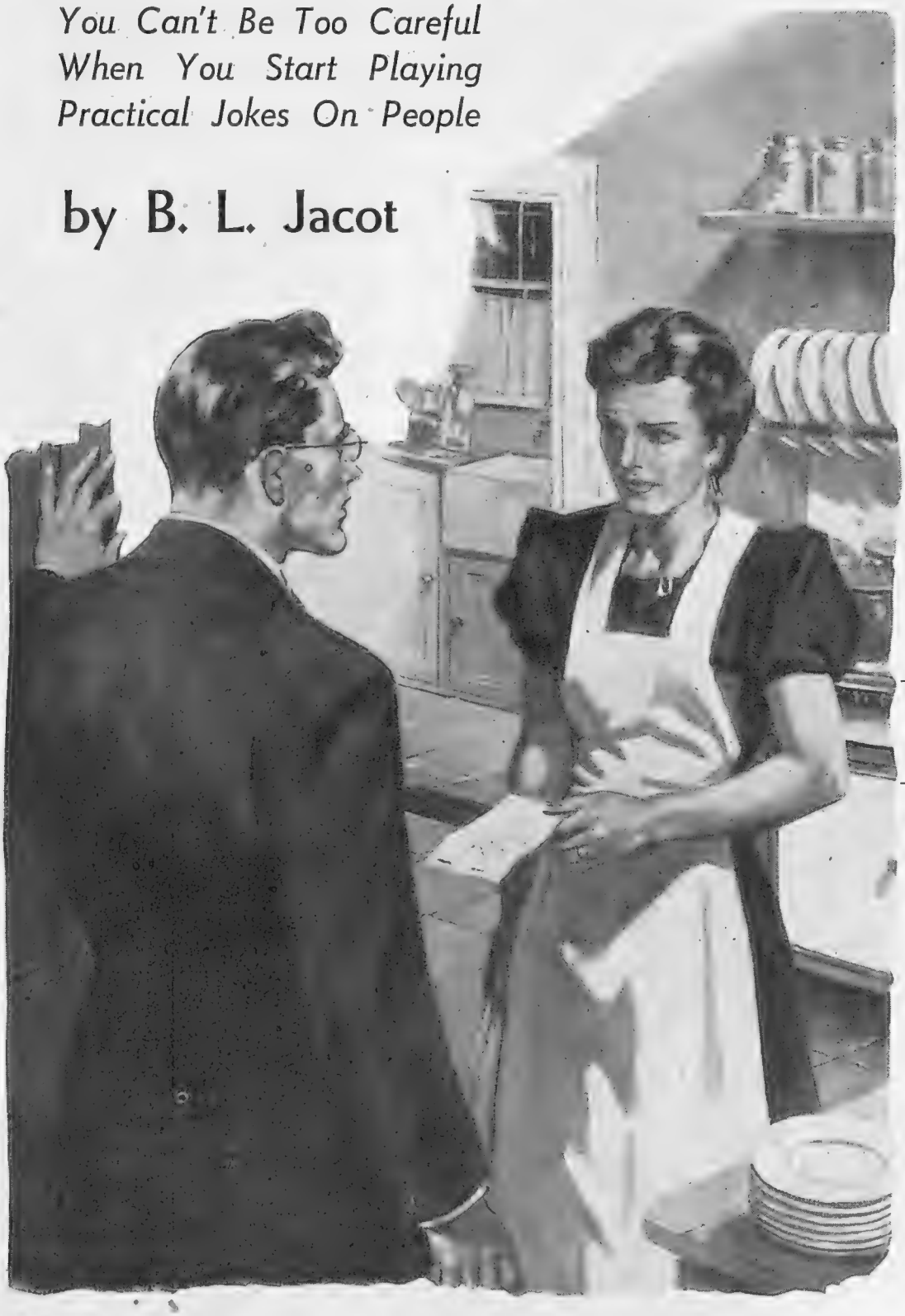
Use the correct box spanner to take out the plugs

Test the distance between the points of the plugs with the gauge supplied

Friday Night at Eight

You Can't Be Too Careful When You Start Playing Practical Jokes On People

by B. L. Jacot



PARKS are all right in their proper place—said Mrs. Fluke—but one thing leads to another and then, as like as not, you wish you'd never started the business. I got caught once.

I remember the time when the sight of a letter lying on the mat would pretty near give me heart failure. And it all started innocently enough with a joke Mr. Higginson thought of—he and a young girl that should have known better.

They wrote a letter to a Mr. Crump I had staying with me here. A shame, it was, for that poor innocent was so shy he would hardly speak to anyone. Let alone a strange lady who was supposed to admire him. Of course, his looks had something to do with it, not that he could help looking like an old sheep—only I never saw a sheep with thick glasses that had to practically stick its nose on anything it wanted to see.

Apart from that he was quite a fine upstanding young fellow. But buried in his books. I must say I always liked him.

Well, this girl wrote him a letter just to have a game with him. The young people staying here wanted to wake him up.

She said she couldn't help writing and she hoped he would excuse her. She had to let him know how much she admired him. She had fallen in love with him—she said—through seeing him day after day on the tube, and she couldn't help seeing how noble Mr. Crump was in character.

In the end she came out straight: would he meet her on Friday night at eight outside Chelsea Town Hall on the King's Road? She signed it Phyllis. And then she put: PS. You will know me when you see me by my dark, sad eyes and the lamb swing coat with a red rose on it.

I saw the letter myself afterwards, but I never knew anything about it at the time, or I'd have stopped that nonsense. It was a shame to play tricks on a good-hearted man like Mr. Crump. Someone who'd never had a girl look twice at him in his life.

They posted the letter and when it came next morning Mr. Crump read it very thoughtful, then he took his glasses off, polished them, and read it again, getting redder, while his breakfast got cold. The others round the table hid their grins when he took it up to his room to read again before he went off to the bank where he worked in the City.

HE showed me the letter and went as red as a lobster when I read it, like he told me to

He must have chewed it over all day at work for he came down into my kitchen that night with a queer look in his face. He showed me the letter and went as red as a lobster when I read it, like he told me to. Then he said:

"I want to meet her. But—I haven't the courage. I think I know who she is. I've noticed her in the tube. looking at me."

"Of course you've got to go and meet her," I told him. I didn't know there was anything wrong with it—then. "You'll find your courage when you meet."

He was excited as a child, but pretending not to be. I practically made him go, and some of the others must have heard me talking to him for they let me in on the secret. I gave them a piece of my mind then, I can tell you.

"If any of you go down there to watch him and giggle," I said, "you won't come back to my house! You ought to be ashamed of yourselves."

It was no use telling Mr. Crump, though. He spent the evening shaving

himself very careful and brushing his hair. Then he put his best suit on and went off to the Town Hall. He didn't come back till eleven, and I believe he spent the three hours looking hopeful at every woman that passed.

"She didn't turn up," he told me, and looking at him, I said a silly thing before I'd time to think. I said to him: "Some accident kept her away."

It was that remark, made because he looked so down, that let me into the affair.

"I know it," he said to me. "She'll write again and explain. If she hadn't meant to come she wouldn't have written in the first place, would she?"

I ought to have told him there and then, but I hadn't the heart, and that is a fact. Well, a funny thing happened. He sat down in my kitchen and with his chin in his hand he started talking to me. All worked up, he was, and maybe he didn't often get anyone to talk to. But he carried me off my feet. The things he said about ladies! You could tell he'd thought a lot about it. After a while I could as good as see what he was seeing when he talked. It was like going to the pictures! And so sad, I felt like a good cry.

But to get on with the story, he turned up at the Town Hall next night, and the next. After he'd gone out the third night to hang round, I knew I'd got to do something. I knew I'd got to find some girl somewhere who'd go and talk to him and kind of let him out of it gently, and as it happened we had just the man to help staying in the house at the time. Honeymoon couple!

He was a young sailor, third officer on a China boat, and he *was* a handsome man, if you like! Which you couldn't say of his bride, who was ten years older than he was and as sour as apples. But this Mrs. Buckland had money and a public-house at Epping. Takes all sorts to make the world up.

Young girls never have any sense. If they had you would never get a man like Mr. Crump left while everyone ran after a handsome face like Mr. Buckland's.

I saw this sailor and told him what had happened. "A young fellow like you," I said, "is bound to have a lot of girl friends. All you have to do is to get one of them to meet this Mr. Crump."

"Mrs. Fluke," he says to me, laughing. "You don't know Mrs. B.! She'd throw four fits if I even thought of one. She's a jealous type," he says, "and she imagines every girl is running after me. You've no idea what it's like having anyone old enough to be your mother following you round the shipping offices, glaring at the typists. To say nothing of gals in the buses."

Sailors do silly things. I expect they've got it at the back of their heads they can always get away back to sea.

"Well," I told him, "you married money with your eyes open."

"A pub's a pub," he says. "But my eyes weren't open enough to look into the future and see that if she did ever leave me alone she'd make a habit of tiptoeing back and coming into the room sudden to see who I'd got in with me. But I'll talk to this chap, if he's taken it as bad as all that."

And talk to Mr. Crump he did. I told you one thing leads to another. The first thing I knew was I had the shock of my life suddenly seeing Mrs. Buckland on the landing next morning. She was trembling with rage.

"Look at this I just found in my husband's pocket!" she said, shaking with passion, and she hands me a letter. "Only married a week and he's carrying on behind my back. Let me get my hands on her! I'll Phyllis her! Her and her swing coat! She'll get the surprise of her life when she finds *me* at the Town Hall to-night!"

Well, I didn't know what to say, so I tried the truth for a change. "It's all a joke," I said. "She won't be there."

"What?" she says, sharp. "Have you seen this letter before?"

It's no use talking to a woman like that. I saw my mistake, and shook my head.

"Just like a woman," she says to me. "Always take the man's part if he's young and good-looking. Her eyes will be sad and dark when I've finished with her!"

When I'd thought round the situation a bit I knew it was just as well there wasn't a woman in it and I said to myself let her go and cool off. But once you start playing with the truth you never know what's going to crop up. And this will show you the silly things men will do where women are concerned.

THIS third officer had been reading that letter and he got took up with it. He knew there wasn't anything in it, but what did he have to do but walk round to the Town Hall, just to see. Of course, his wife came on him when he was talking to Mr. Crump, and the scene that woman made! A policeman had to tell her to move on.

"What on earth did you go along for?" I asked him and he grinned sheepish.

"I thought there might be a bit of fun in it," he says, "but I see now I've got to find someone for Mr. Crump.

And it's no good your saying you won't have any more of it! My wife won't believe one word of the story unless the girl turns up and claims Crump, not me. A girl is going to turn up, believe me!"

With some men it's no good arguing. "If you must go on with it," I said, "get him someone nice. Not too young and skittish."

"The girl I have in mind," he says to me, "is very, very nice. I'd like to marry her myself, and I know she'll do this for me. She's just the woman for Crump. Poetic and fond of slop. Leave it to me."

THE upshot of it was he got that girl Moira to write another letter saying she'd been in bed with influenza and making an appointment for the following night. Same time, same place. He telephoned this other girl and talked her into doing the job—don't ask me how. I'm not a sailor.

Well, when the second letter came Mr. Crump went pale. He took it up to his room and when he came downstairs again he said to me: "She's been ill. Something told me she was ill."

That evening he dressed himself even more careful than before. He bought a red rose for her and when he went out his hand was trembling. I've never seen anyone who took it so bad, and I don't mind telling you I wished that girl Moira and her boy friend, Mr. Higginson, were at the bottom of the sea.

Illustrations by Jack Faulks

THE sailor had followed his wife down to the Town Hall and seen the meeting, then his wife had followed him home

I expected he'd be back in half an hour or so, realizing—if you see what I mean—that it was no go. That things in real life don't measure up to what you imagine them to be. But it went on—nine—ten—eleven o'clock. Midnight and he wasn't in. I began to wonder then if he'd thrown himself in the Thames. The state I was in!

Then I heard the front door and in came Mr. Crump at twenty past twelve. And from the look on his face you could see he wasn't surprised to see me sitting up for him. The way he felt, all the world should be sitting up to hear his news.

He talked like a man in a dream. What he'd been saying to that unsuspecting girl only the pair of them must know. But it seems she'd been sitting with him on a bench on the Chelsea Embankment listening to him talk. Mind you, she must have been a good-natured girl to have gone to meet him in the first place. And about the only nice thing Mr. Crump *had* got was a lovely voice.

"I'm seeing her to-morrow," he says to me. "And if anything happens to her, I've got her address and telephone number."

NEXT morning I wasn't too comfortable about it, for it stood to sense she wouldn't turn up. And the influenza story was no good because he could telephone. That sailor had followed his wife down to the Town Hall and seen the meeting, then his wife had followed him home.

"Let Crump alone," he said to me. "He's doing all right."

That night Mr. Crump took her more roses and a book of poems. He didn't come home till twelve-thirty, and I've never seen anyone look so queer! "Where did you go this time?" I asked him.

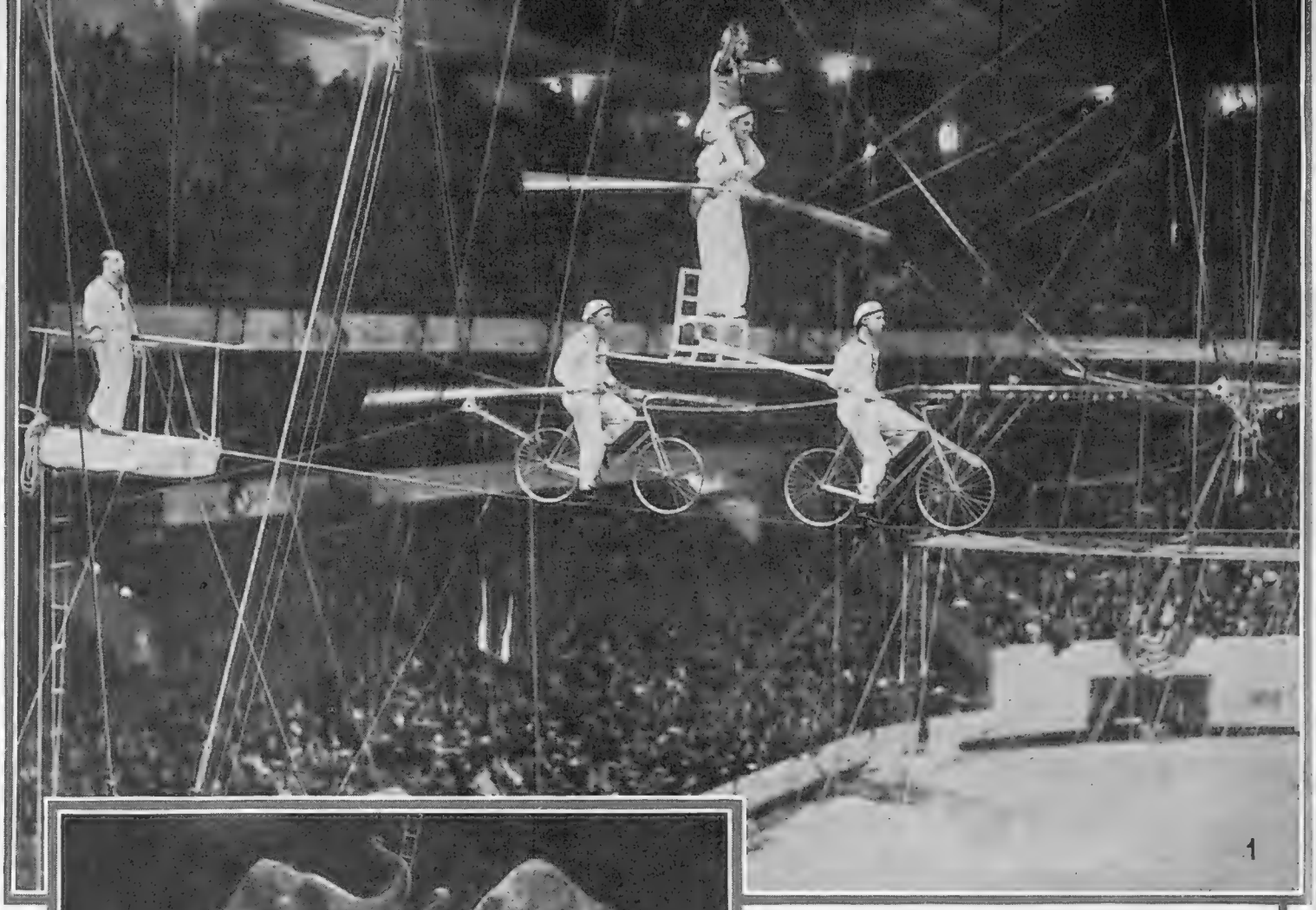
"Same bench," he said. "Wow!" And he took a jump and clicked his heels together as he went up the stairs!

I'LL tell you the funniest part of this story. Inside of two months the pair of them were married and living as happy as lovebirds in a little flat off King's Road. I'd like to be able to say that sailor boy was best man, but it wouldn't be the truth. By that time he was well on his way to China, having changed ships with a pal of his. But before he left sudden and very quiet he came down into my kitchen.

"There's one thing," he says, "that this dark eyes and red roses business has taught me. And that is, it's a mistake to marry into the licencing trade. My wife will never believe it was Crump Peggy was after. And the truth is Peggy always told me straight she could never care for me because I never had anything to say. Some girls can take as much poetry as you can give them, and the sloppier the better, as long as it's said right."

Well, being a sailor he could always get back to sea. But it just shows you that you can't be too careful when you start playing practical jokes on people, doesn't it?

END



1. The Wallenda Family performing their high-wire feature act on bicycles at Madison Square Garden, New York

2. Walter Steinbeck with three of his twenty-four performing elephants at a pre-war performance at the Krone Circus, Berlin

3. Clyde Beatty, one of the most daring wild animal trainers in the history of the circus, putting his lions and tigers through their paces at the Universal Studios for the filming of *The Big Cage*

4. A "King of the Jungle" jumps through flaming hoops at the Ringling Bros. and Barnum and Bailey show at Madison Square Garden, New York

Dramas of the Sawdust Ring

By Trevor Allen

For the children, the clowns are probably the greatest attraction of the Circus. Most of them have appeared as performers in the Circus Ring before going on to join the corps of clowns

WHEN Circus Time comes round with the New Year I picture the sawdust ring at Olympia as we knew it pre-war—not only with the thrilled audience thronging round it, but set with supper-tables after the crowd had left. That was the great night of the season for those who were privileged to enjoy it into the small hours. That was when—over drinks and cigars, under the arcs that left the rest of the vast building in quiet shadow—you heard stories of the strange and dramatic things that happen to circus folk.

One that Bertram Mills liked to tell concerned a Christmas when his Olympia artistes took pity on the loneliness of a dozen Congo savages in the show and invited them to the circus dinner. When the pudding was brought in to hearty cheering and the "snapdragon" brandy lit the darkness with its weird blue flames, the scared savages bolted in terror, yelling blue-murder and knocking over tables and chairs in their panic to get out. They thought it was part of some religious rite, some human sacrifice, and that they would be next for the flames!

A graver happening was at Plymouth, when three man-eating tigers, belonging to a famous trainer, Togare, escaped from their cage. The fiercest actually padded alongside a queue of people awaiting the evening show, and some, thinking it was tame, leant over the railing and stroked and patted it as they would the fireside cat. Another crawled under the caravan in which the wife and children of Coco, the ace clown, were peacefully having tea, and stayed there until Togare came and coaxed him slowly back to the cage, talking to him softly as he did in the ring. It gave Coco a nasty shock when he saw the danger his family had been in.

A remarkable escape from death, or, at least, serious injury, was that of the wire-walking Wallendas when the circus was at Glasgow. Two of the men had to walk along a wire, 40 ft. up with no safety net, from platform to platform, balancing a chair on two poles. On this stood the third man, and on his shoulders the girl—a breath-taking *finale* to a sensational act.

They had reached the end and were preparing to disengage when the platform tottered and gave way. Shouting "Look out!" the men grabbed at the wire and hung on. One of them caught the fainting girl with his legs, twining them round her like the coils of a python. Then, inch by inch, they moved their hands along the wire towards the king poles, reached the rope ladders, climbed down, and took their call as if nothing unusual had happened.

Coco, who called this "one of the miracles of the circus" in his fascinating autobiography, got another shock when he was performing in Moscow. The 'cellist of the band was practising alone in the ring when an escaped tiger suddenly stalked in and walked up to the petrified musician, who thought his last hour had come. All the big cat did, however, was to sniff around him, rub against his legs, then calmly walk out again. Was it the music that saved his life by soothing the savage beast? Those who know the weird noises 'cellos can make, solo, will probably conclude that the creature wasn't merely soothed, it was positively cowed. . . .

SOMETIMES there is no miracle to save the daring artiste who goes high up under the Big Top, as it saved the Wallendas. One fatal night in Barcelona the crowd was craning up, spell-bound, watching Vana, famous for her loop-the-loop trapese stunt. Her feet slipped a fraction as she rolled forward, her fingers lost their hold, and the slim, lithe figure crashed to death.

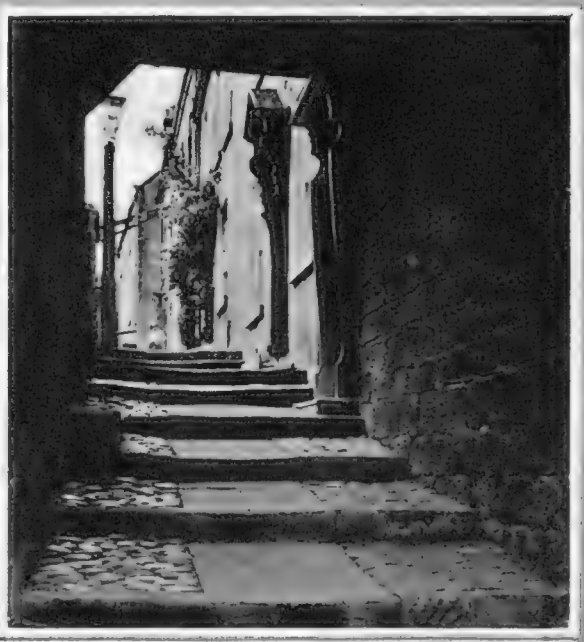
Wilhelm, one of the Three Sylvains, crashed similarly while doing his trapeze act. It was the climax of one of the most poignant stories of the sawdust ring. He and his brother, Dolf, fell in love with their pretty girl partner, Helena, and became bitter, jealous rivals. Mr. John S. Clarke, author of *Circus Parade*, who knew them, says that for an entire tour they would not speak to each other or share the living-wagon, Dolf taking lodgings instead at every halt.

The act went on as before. No one in the audience suspected the vendetta as, smilingly, they took their call. But brooding alone in his wagon, Wilhelm took to secret drinking which ruined his poise and judgment. Something went wrong at a critical moment; he was carried from the ring with a broken back. The next morning Dolf swallowed a deadly disinfectant, and that was the end of a famous act. (*Continued on page 52*)

Coco, the famous clown, with his daughter, Olga Poliakoff, the only A.T.S. to wear "Russia" flashes, and his son, Michael Poliakoff, who plays the part of a clown with his father in the International Circus.

The ideal cathedral-town by-way—College Street, York, with the lovely half-timbered St. William's College on right and, beyond, the fretted outline of the Minster and Chapter House. (On right) This little-stepped alley with its charming door-cases was fashioned long ago by the simple fisherfolk of Robin Hood's Bay, Yorkshire.

Church Steps, Minehead—a cobbled "pilgrims' way" curling churchwards between thatched cottages ranged romantically against the surrounding moors of Somerset.



A section of the "Rows" overlooking Watergate Street, Chester. The "Rows" are galleries or platforms at first-floor level originally designed for defensive purposes in the days of border strife. Note the carved timbers.

Flemish weavers' cottages crowd upon the main thoroughfare of Kersey, Suffolk, giving an abiding charm to a street already delightful with its gentle gradients and curves.

FROM prehistoric cattle-track to modern "by-pass" is a far cry—but the "punctuation marks" of that long story are written for us in a variety of charming streets and alleys that curl through our old towns and villages like the threads of some mediæval tapestry.

Since early times the Church has determined the character of many streets. In such places as Rye and Winchelsea, Sussex, and in most of our cathedral towns you can see how "all roads lead to the church," and how our forefathers so often bordered them with grand houses, colleges, and sometimes gardens, to add dignity and beauty to the local "via dolorosa."

In some places the older streets radiate from the Castle. Bamburgh, Northumberland, and Richmond, Yorkshire, are outstanding examples.

Local conditions and needs shaped the old streets in a way that can hardly be repeated: the automobile and the fine, straight thoroughfares they demand have—with other modern

THE STREETS OF ENGLAND

Morning sunlight but enhances the appeal of Bargate, one of Richmond's eighteenth-century streets. (On left) A feudal character is given to the main street of Bamburgh by the castle, once the stronghold of the Northumbrian kings.

An age-old way to the parish church provides Rye, Sussex, with one of its most endearing streets (West Street), flanked with dwellings that are a joy to behold. (On right) The blacksmith's shop becomes — at Hawes, Wensleydale—a double smithy occupying a curious range of buildings where the anvils have rung ceaselessly for over three centuries.

Fashioned out of the chalk of the Yorkshire Wolds, Thixendale's only street is the hub of sixteen minor dales and owes much of its character to the configuration of the land through which it sweeps and to the farmsteads which it serves.

developments—given to our twisting streets and lanes almost a "museum character." Think of Robin Hood's Bay with its steep, serpentine descent to the sea and of the quaint alleys that open up on either side; or of Knaresborough's massive limestone bluff patterned with hoary tracks where townsfolk once used donkeys to carry their household water from river to dwelling. Think again of the Chester "Rows"—those remarkable and unique raised platforms looking down upon the four central streets and originally devised, it is supposed, as a means of defence against Welsh marauders. . . . Many of our loveliest old streets have been given the death warrant. With some it was inevitable; to others a continuing old age might have been allowed with disadvantage to nobody. Yet it is good to know that in this post-war era several local authorities are determined to retain the core of grace and beauty around which their towns have expanded. York, for example, is to keep its famous Shambles—perhaps the best surviving example of a mediæval street.

Scavengers of the Sea

Things You May Not Know About Sharks

By Frank W. Lane

THE feeding habits of some species of sharks entitle them to be regarded as the dustbins of the sea. Nothing seems to come amiss to these eternally-hungry scavengers. Sharks have been known to swallow a sack of coke and rubbish thrown overboard from a ship; a biscuit-tin, newspapers, a brick wrapped in a cloth, and once a wooden crate containing some bottles of beer! The refuse from ships' galleys are, of course, snapped up with avidity.

Sharks are certainly well-equipped for coping with their extraordinarily varied menu. Their digestive juices are almost unbelievably powerful. A horse's iron-shod hoof was once recovered from a shark. The bones had been completely dissolved, the horn casing was softened, and the iron itself was being rapidly corroded.

To aid it in appeasing its hunger a shark is provided with first-class dental equipment. The teeth are embedded in its gums, and behind those actually being used there is a reserve set waiting to take the place of any front-line teeth that may get damaged. A shark's teeth are therefore always in first-class condition, and it does not appear to know the meaning of toothache.

Strange as it may sound, a shark is literally covered from head to tail with teeth. Unlike other fish, which are covered with scales, a shark's outer covering consists of innumerable "dermal denticles," or, in other words, minute teeth. These are true teeth complete with pulp, dentine and an outer layer of hard enamel.

If you rub your hand over a shark (preferably when it is dead!), you will notice that, although it appears quite smooth, these minute teeth give a rasping effect. Some carpenters, in fact, use shark-skin as a polisher, and it was thus used long before sandpaper was thought of. Incidentally, the large teeth from a shark's mouth are so razor-sharp that men have used them to shave with. No wonder a shark can take a man's leg off as easily as a donkey chops a carrot in half.

There are a great number and variety of sharks. They inhabit nearly every sea in the world: some are found in a few rivers and at least one species lives permanently in fresh water. Sharks vary greatly in size. The smallest, even when full-grown, are only a yard or less in length, whereas the basking-shark, which is found in British waters, sometimes measures 40 ft. in length, and the whale shark has been known to reach 60 ft.

A mako shark leaps out of the sea in a desperate attempt to free itself from the line. Photographed by the late Zane Grey, who was a keen big-fish fisherman. (*At top of page*)—Hurtling through the air like a torpedo, a shark leaps to an incredible height from the water in a wild fight for freedom. Sharks have been known to leap over 20 ft.

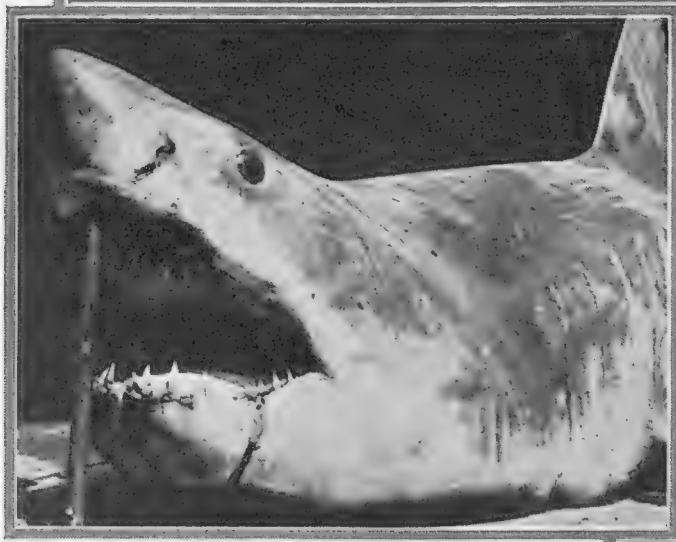
The whale shark is the largest fish in the world, being exceeded only by some of the largest species of whales, which are, of course, not fish but mammals. A full-grown whale shark may weigh ten tons (there have been reports of even heavier specimens), yet it is perfectly harmless, save, possibly, when it lashes out with its great tail, and then it may accidentally hurt anything in its path. The whale shark has no enemies, save man, and even then generally by accident, and it is one of the most sluggish creatures in the sea.

The whale shark must be one of the thickest-skinned creatures in the world. A 30-ft. specimen was found to have skin 4 ins. thick with the solidity and resistance of hard rubber. Even shots from a shotgun just bounce off the armoured hide of this shark, and Dr. William Beebe tells us that he has seen harpoons thrown at a whale shark "bent as if they had struck steel."

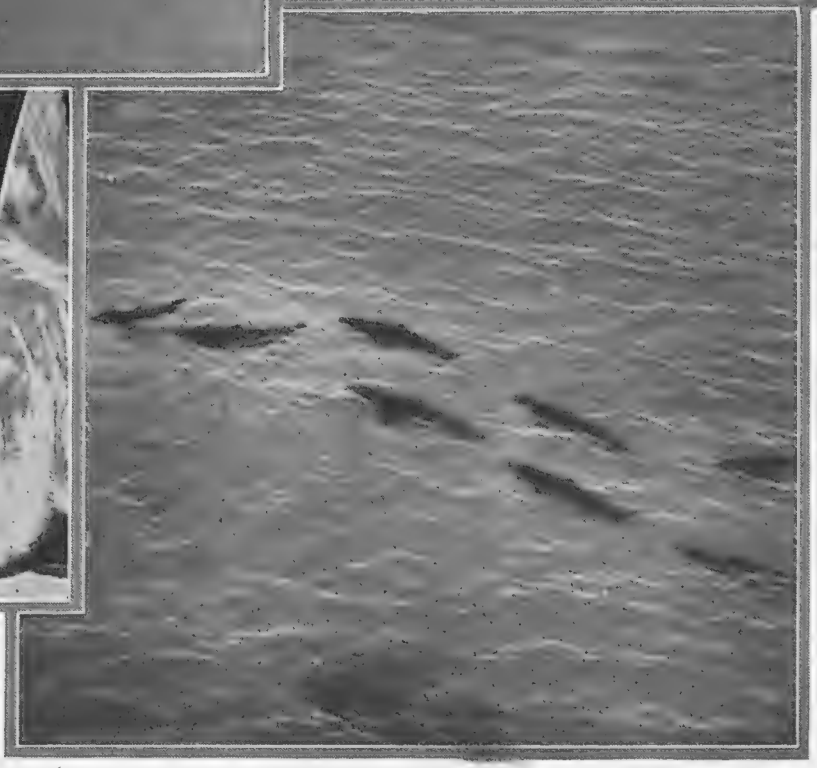
Because it has no natural enemies—for, encased in its inches-thick armour, it is immune from attack by other sharks and even from the dread 30-ft. killer (*Continued on page* 54)

(At left) A trio of fifteen-foot sharks swimming close to the beach in Table Bay, South Africa, photographed from an aeroplane only eighty feet above the water

Sharks inhabit nearly every sea in the world and are often caught in fishermen's nets round the coast of Great Britain. The one pictured above was caught by the crew of a fishing boat one hundred yards from the bathing beach at Whitby, Yorkshire. At the top of the page is a shark photographed off the Bahamas by J. E. Williams, undersea photographer, by means of a huge three-ton diving bell. In the picture below: A school of sharks photographed from an aeroplane near Cape Town



A shark showing its razor-sharp teeth. This specimen was caught by two old fishermen in a small open fishing boat off the Random Mole, Table Bay, South Africa. It weighed 1,000 lb. and measured eleven feet



Illustrations by Hailstone

THE Americans, each with his thoughts, unbuttoned their top-coats lit cigars, and stood quietly talking

FROM one of the camps built for the American army by the British in the Sussex Weald, one day in 1943 emerged three young soldiers, part of the advance guard of the eager host soon to come flooding in.

Starting on this, their first English furlough, with their pockets full of cash and a mass of assorted propaganda in their heads, they had a fine, Three Musketeerish sort of feeling. They had admired the British for their lone-hand stand in 1940-41, they were now their brothers-in-arms and bursting to show appreciation and make friends. Also they were the first American troops in the country and, not unreasonably, felt their arrival must be an event to an embattled, war-worn and desperately outnumbered people.

Though it was spring and primroses were blooming, the weather was wet, blustery and cold, but they tramped on enthusiastically through the deep-hedged lanes until they came to Winfold Village which, as Domesday Book records, has stood among its fields and oakwoods for a thousand years.

As, damp and chilled, they paused to eye the empty street with its miscellany of wry-faced cottages, the wind moaned and the cold rain drove at them. Save for a dejected-looking cat, nothing moved. It was hardly what they had expected.

Homer Bossack, a husky, blond Iowa farm boy with the high cheekbones of the Slav, said: "Well, this is one dump the war ain't bothered. Could ya believe it. Maybe they've all pulled out to some war factory or somp'n."

Cal Shutts, who had received some classic education at a Vermont grandmother's knee, said: "Oh tew be in England, naaow that April's here."

Halfway down the street they now observed a picturesque half-timbered building, low and ancient-looking with small, lead-panel windows. It was roofed with thick stone slabs, laid on like tiles and lovely with the growth of centuries, and on a wrought-iron gallows from the oak-beamed porch was hung a painted sign.

"There y'are," exclaimed Ed Breen, a sleek, go-getting son of Brooklyn, "there's one of them old-world inns, like Kunkle's Koffee Shoppe an' Olde Choppe House at Coney. There's bound to be dames there. Come on."

Vague pictures of English "country life" formed in their minds: Stout, genial men, roast beef, rum punch, four-horse coaches, wassail—whatever that was.

They lounged across towards the Fish and Ferret, where little has changed since it was built, four centuries ago. As they went their spirits, which during their long, uncomfortable walk had suffered somewhat, rallied. There would be people here who would welcome them, the allied warriors from distant lands. Toasts would be drunk and compliments exchanged, and well-developed country girls would smile on them.

The taproom was fully up to expectations, oak floored, beamed and panelled, with an open fire of logs and a fine smell of drinks and wood-smoke.

Four scions of the never-conquered freemen of the Weald were there. One, patriarchal, bent and toothless, sat hunched up on the table, talking to a young man with cowdung to his knees, and a foxy-looking middle-aged one in the cords and leggings of a woodman, with four dirty ribbons of the last war on his coat. The fourth man, the landlord, stood behind the bar.

If these men were conscious of anything of note about the newcomers, they gave no sign of it. After the briefest glance at them when they came in, they showed no further interest in them, save for the movement of the landlord down the bar to take their orders.

He was a big, solid man of over sixty with his coat off, collarless, his sleeves rolled up from massive forearms tattooed in blue, red and yellow. A few sparse locks of yellow hair were plastered across his skull. His face was weathered and red. His white moustache, browned by tobacco smoke, was waxed to needle points. His eyes were small, blue and shrewd. Blank-faced, he passed a cloth across the bar, audibly sucked a tooth and waited.

Bossack said, with a friendly grin: "Beer, eh?"

Three pewter pots were filled and shoved across, payment received and change made in stolid silence.

The soldiers took their pots, saluted one another with determined cheerfulness and drank. Partly from natural enthusiasm and the wish to be friendly, and partly as a conversational lead, with a glance toward the innkeeper, Ed Breen declared: "Good beer, I'll say."

Back came a disgusted growl: "It ain't. It ain't even like beer. It's what the guv'ment make us sell instead o' beer, an' it's a disgrace to them that made it, the country an' this 'ouse."

The strangers having found their level in his scheme of things, George Blunden sucked his tooth and returned whence he came.

Silence followed, till the woodman, having observed Bossack's cheekbones, jerked his head toward the strangers and remarked:

"More Poles, 'Arry?"

The broken soldier shrugged: "Dutch mebbe. Belgums. Refugees."

Hands Across The Bar

Exploits Of Three Crusaders From The New World

By Allan Swinton

This was too much for Bossack, who turned and told them with a smile: "No pal. Americans. Come to help the refugees get back home."

Four heads turned to regard the three crusaders from the New World briefly and returned, giving no sign, to their affairs.

But the aged man had reached his second childhood, which he showed by sidelong glances and much champing of his gums. At length, unable to contain himself any longer, he asked, in a falsetto cackle that had yet its paternal note:

"Yeur vurst toime i' Zuzzex, maisters?"

"First time in any foreign country," Bossack told him, while Shutts and Breen relaxed with pleasure that the ice was broken.

"This bain't no vurren country," shot back the gaffer.

"It is to me," Bossack explained.

"This 'ere's Zuzzex, young man."

"Sure. A foreign country to me."

"Zuzzex bain't no vurren country."

Ed Breen put in: "Not to you it ain't but it is to him, see. Like if you was in the States you'd be a foreigner, wouldn't you?"

"Dad" Laker eyed him pityingly: "Oi wouldn't be no vurrener nowhere. Oi be Zuzzex Oi be, iver zince Oi were borned. Zuzzex man's Zuzzex w'erever 'ee be, an' vurriner's a vurriner, Ameriky or anywhere. You can't tell me."

The faces of the other Sussex men showed their endorsement of so elementary a truth, and fraternization died aborning.

The Americans, each with his thoughts, unbuttoned their top-coats, lit cigars, and stood quietly talking. Then Shutts, who was used in winter to augment a Vermont farm's meagre earnings by working in Maine lumber camps, took a drink, caught Bossack's eye and tipped his head toward the gaffer with a wink. In a voice somewhat raised, he asked: "Hear anything about Paul these days?"

For a moment Bossack's eyes were blank. Then he caught on. "You mean Paul Bunyan. Oh sure, on an' off."

"You know about the old blue ox then?"

"We—el, nothin' special."

"You knew he was breakin' up."

"Oh, yeah," said Bossack, warming up. "Anyone could tell that. Why, last time I seen him he was makin' heavy goin' haulin' a little jag of ten-twelve loaded wagons, where he used to trot away bellerin' up a hill with forty."

"I know," said Cal. "Sure was failin'. Well, Paul's fixed him. Injections of gorilla glands an' 'lectric vitamins. He's better'n ever he was. 'Count of the war, engines is hard to get. Paul's got him powerin' a sawmill. Rigged up a gear an' walkin' beam an' yoked him to it. He plugs around in a circle, drivin' all liftin' an' conveyer gear, 'lectric light plant, five sixteen-cut framesaws, five band ripsaws an' a dozen sawbenches, turnin' out seventy thousand feet an hour. An' at that they got to cut his feed on account he's always burnin' out the bearin's."

"I swan!" said Bossack. "Why, that's better'n he used to do when he was farmin', drawin' a hitch of forty gang-ploughs twenty hours a day, turnin' over two townships a week."

"Yeah. Paul always was a fixin'

guy, an' he's sure fixed that old ox."

If they heard, the other Sussex men betrayed no sign of it, but the old man's vacant eyes had widened. Now he stumped forward, wagging an accusing finger at Cal Shutts and cackling: "Yeu'm lyin' young man. Yeu'm pervaaricatin'. No ox iver borned could drae quarter that much. No, not the tenth part o't."

Cal Shutts shook his head. "No I ain't gram'pa. Ask any American. Ask the first one you meet 'bout Paul Bunyan and his blue ox an' he'll tell you."

The senile head wagged an angry negative. "No, no, no! Yeu'm pervaaricatin'. Whoy, we useter plough wi' oxen 'ere faarty year agone. Druv 'em myself Oi did, three yoke of 'em, for old Squire Gawtrey. Yeu can't tell me." Dad Laker shook his head again in solemn deprecation.

Then, mopping it as he came, the innkeeper moved along the bar. He propped himself on his elbow, sucked his tooth and remarked conversationally: "Mustn't take no notice of Dad here. He's forgot a lot. We know that ox well in these parts, though we never did reckon to hear no more of him. Matter o' fact, he was bred in Winfold. He was throwout from the squire's herd in—lemme see. I was fourteen the year he was calved. That makes it '90. That'll be it, 1890, year o' Majuba Hill.

"The breed hereabouts—they're beef beasts—is plain red, no markin's. Any calf, however good it's built, that's off colour or got marks is culled out. But that one was a weed as well as bein' blue instead o' red. Would a' been killed for dog-meat only the circus bought him for his freaky colour. That's how he come to leave the country—Barnum an' Baileys took him for a sideshow to America. An', if he's turned out the way you say he has, it must be the 'eat of the air out there."

George Blunden set both elbows on his oak, met Shutt's eyes and lingeringly sucked his tooth: "*Tchhhh—k.*"

Silence followed, while the two studied one another. Then George moved back along the bar, and silence fell once more upon the Fish and Ferret, save for the usual small interruption. Dad Laker brooded injured on the table, mouthing his gums; Blunden gazed moodily at space and sucked his tooth; the others nursed their pots and now and then exchanged a word.

BY and by the woodman drank his beer, picked up a two-bitted axe, nodded to the rest and plodded out, to be followed shortly by the crippled cowman. As the door closed behind the latter, the ancient man said to Blunden: "'Arry be gettin' mighty clever on that there mechanicale leg o' his'n."

"Aye," growled George, "An' from all I hear, he ought to had a medal for the job he done gettin' it!"

The possibilities of the bar appearing to be now exhausted, Ed Breen said: "Come and sit down. That's a fine fire."

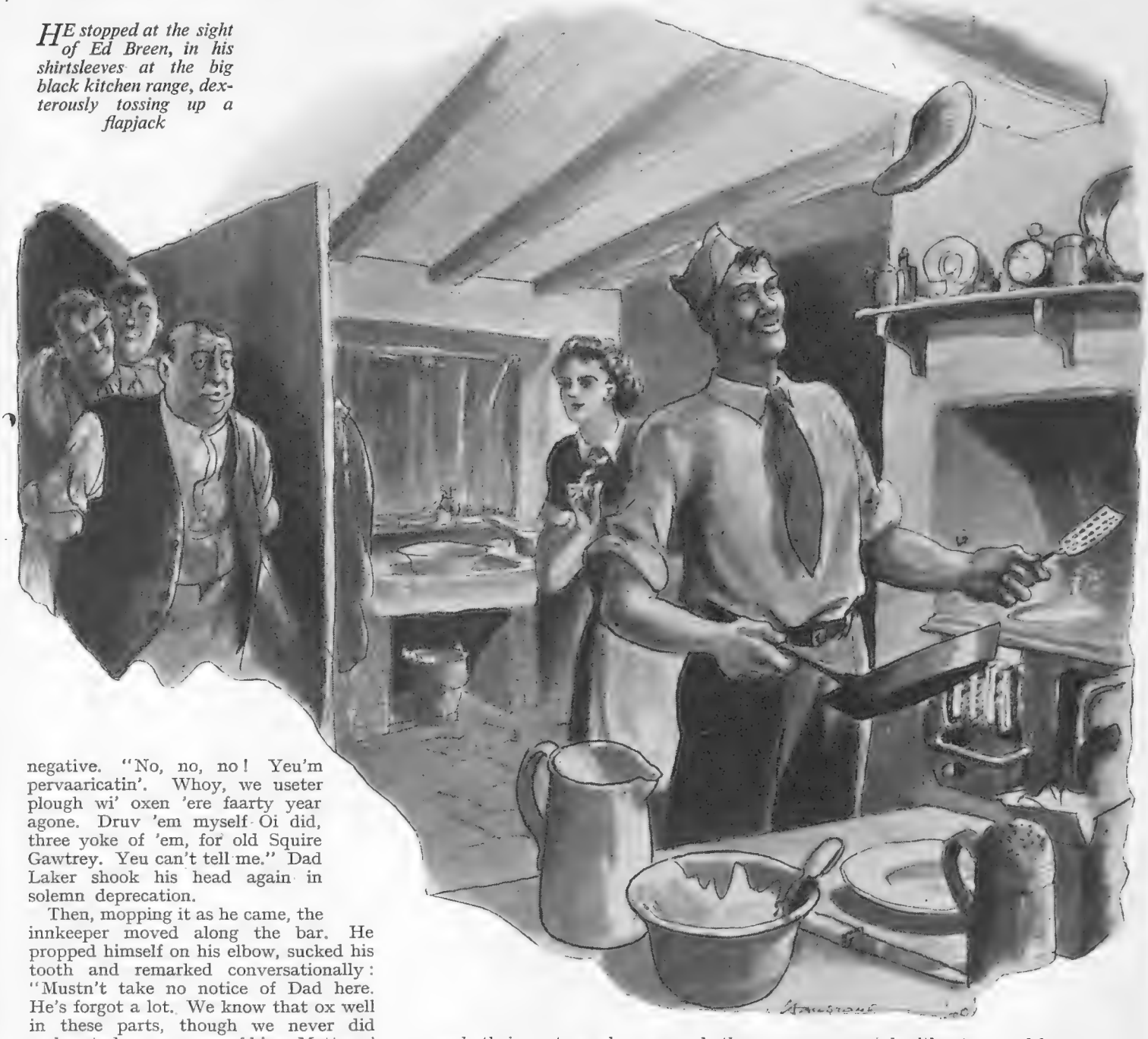
They had crossed the room and sat down by the red-brick fireplace when the door banged open and a young boy hurried in. His eyes were burning blue, his hair was the colour of straw and stuck out like it. "Mr. Blunden," he piped, "Bessie says will you come an' look at Bluebell. Her's been fussin' somethin' freightful, an' now she's laid down an' staarted sweatin'. An' the vet b'ain't baack yet from Pulborough."

George Blunden's face showed swift concern and without a word he went out by the door behind the bar.

By and by a girl, in a light blue shirt-waist with the sleeves rolled up and a plain black tie, came in to take his place. She was tow-haired, strongly built and shapely, and her face was sweet. Her hair was mussed, with a wisp of straw in it, from her labours in the stable, her tie was crooked and one peach-bloom cheek was smudged. Her gaze dwelt on the Americans for a moment, then she turned to the mirror centring the shelves of bottles on the wall and began to tidy herself.

Her entry (*Continued on page 67*)

HE stopped at the sight of Ed Breen, in his shirtsleeves at the big black kitchen range, dexterously tossing up a flapjack



On Duty and Off...

A friend of mine looked up from the letter she was writing and asked if I had any criticism to make. She had written quite simply: "Sir, This is to inform you that I am closing my account. I have dealt with your firm for twenty years but find I can no longer get any service." This seemed to me short and to the point, but what gave rise to no little surprise was that the manager telephoned on receipt of the letter and begged for an appointment. He called with hat in hand and made many excuses for the rudeness of his staff. My friend listened courteously to his little speech, and when he had finished she said: "For six years the customer has always been wrong. Now you are looking at a customer who intends to be right in the future," and she showed him the door.

There followed a long letter from the firm reiterating the manager's speech, and when I saw it I asked: "Are you going back to them?" "Oh no," she said, "you see I have found two other firms who do the work far better and employ polite assistants."

This woman is probably just one of many thousands who have made a New Year's resolution to be treated civilly or remove their custom.

Jane Gordon

THERE is only one New Year's gift you want from me. You want to know how to rehabilitate your good looks, and my New Year's resolution is that I shall give you as much helpful information on the subject as I can.

When it comes to a question of repairing war-damaged beauty, you must work from the inside out. There are three internal beauty treatments which cost practically nothing. Two of these are available to women all over the country and the third to those who live in London.

The first and most important of these three is halibut or cod-liver oil. You can get these oils in concentrated form and a course of halibut oil capsules will do more to help you regain your good looks than the most expensive beauty treatments. Not only does the concentrated fish oil make up for the shortage of fats in our diet, but this is the best precaution you can possibly have against 'flu and head colds. Vitamins A and D are vitally important to beauty because these are the vitamins which are necessary for a clear skin, bright eyes, rounded face contours, strong teeth, and a good figure. The right way to take your halibut oil capsules is after meals with a large glass of water.

ON DUTY

The best beauty tonic I know of is a course of yeast. One well-known brewery will deliver yeast twice a week if you write and ask for it. They make no charge except for postage. The course continues for several weeks, and the way to take the yeast is to mix a spoonful of it into a glass of milk or a glass of water and drink this twice a day. Personally I think the taste is far from pleasant, but the effect on health and looks is surprisingly pleasant.

The third internal beauty treatment is a Hungarian butter-milk called Yoghourt which you can get from the big London dairies in quarter-pint bottles which cost 3½d. a bottle. This tastes something like sour cream and most people use it at the end of a meal in the place of a sweet or savoury. It can be served with a little sugar or grated cheese or nutmeg or cinnamon or plain, and it works wonders for the complexion and hair. Two quarter-pint bottles of Yoghourt a day will arrest a tendency to grey hair. In America this has been proved by a variety of tests.

There are two new preparations which are particularly good for the dried-out complexion. One is called "L'Huile Jeunesse" which is a specially prepared oil. After the make-up has been removed the face and neck should be gently massaged with the oil for three minutes. After massage the oil is left on for ten minutes and any surplus is then wiped off. Where the washing water is hard, a special water softener in powder form should be used. This is sold in ½-lb. packets. "L'Huile Jeunesse" costs 5s. for a 1-oz. bottle, and the water softener 2s. a packet. If you wish for a special massage chart, send me a stamped and addressed envelope and I will forward you one.

OFF DUTY

YOU will find during the next few months that a number of beauty parlours which were closed during the war are re-opening again. One in Knightsbridge is giving a course of rehabilitation beauty treatments, prices ranging from £3 15 0 to 5 guineas for a course of six. Here you can get a (*Continued on page* 61)

An End To

KENT hadn't meant to shout at him—he never snapped at the coolies—but the man's news seemed just too stupid; and now he was cowering away.

Kent beckoned him back.

"Are you sure it was the master Llewellyn?"

"Mena Ken said so, master."

"With two other white men?"

"One man, master; and another carried in a litter."

"Coming up river?"

"Mena Ken said so, master."

Kent dismissed him, and watched him scurry down the jungle track to join the felling party. For a while Kent stood still, as he often did when upset, and waited for the leeches; and when the leeches approached he waited, then crushed the smooth, shining black bodies with the end of his measuring-stick.

It was an old trick, a pre-war trick; but it gave him enough detachment to put his troubles in order of priority, and soon he was certain that the impending surprise visit of Llewellyn, the Government Forest Inspector, came only about third.

The complete chaos of the teak forests was trouble number one. Getting Poo Gow tamed, the finest elephant that ever tossed a log, that was number two. Then the irritation and nuisance of the Inspector, querying every tree marked for felling. After that, in order, was the dispersal of his old coolie labour (number four); the lateness of the river-rise needed to carry the logs down-stream; the rotten state of his bungalow; and the mosquitoes.

Troubles numbers one, two, four, and six were less unbearable because they were all owing to the same cause—the Japs—and the thought was tinged with a long hatred, and with satisfaction about what had happened to the Japs here in North Siam—and about what he, Kent, had helped to happen to them.

An unusual sound, dimly heard behind the chatter of parakeets, raised him from his leech-sticking.

It was an aeroplane, far to the south, but near enough to make him call to his silent Burmese assistant, and to step out briskly homewards.

The plane was there before him, roaring down over the compound. He saw the tiny parachute drop, swinging quickly. Already coolies from the river party were running up-river for it, and for its package.

Kent sat in the damp, leaking bungalow to read the letter they brought. He'd just opened it, seen it was from Evelyn, when old Luang Bon came panting up the steps.

"He's coming, master!"

"Who?"

The wizened little mahout looked hurt. "Poo Gow is coming, master! We caught him—near the Mae Nah pools—with poisoned arrows!"

"Chain him up, then," Kent said briefly, "and get the poison out at once; and keep the other poos far from him." He added some rich compliments to the skill of Luang Bon and his men in recapturing the great tusker so quickly after its last devastating escape, and the Siamese went away happy.

Before the war, Luang Bon's reputation had been made by taming and handling gigantic semi-wild creatures like Poo Gow, and all this last month had been spent wheedling round the elephant after its three years on the loose.

Kent returned to his letter: no love-letter this time.

I'm rushing with this because Jack (a wartime pal of Kent's in the R.A.F.) *says he can deliver it today for me. I've just heard three Americans arrived here in Bangkok over a week ago and spent two days inquiring for you—at the National Bank, at the Forest Department, the Company Office, and all over. It seems they made inquiries about me, too! They've gone now—may be on their way north to see you. Look out! Tons of*

Illustrations by

THE visitors arrived late next morning. They were a shock. It wasn't Llewellyn at all. Strangers in the Mae Gonya Valley!

The Trouble

There's A Right Way To Handle Elephants—And Men

By

Edward Harding

love, darling, till I write normally tomorrow. Evelyn.

That's fine, Kent thought, putting the note in his pocket: just fine: all I needed, for that crazy affair to crop up again . . . just as if things weren't bad enough already.

But it was too early to stop work, with the river-rise imminent. He went out, down to the river-side, where the river gangs were stacking the teak logs in high rows as the elephants dragged the timber in from the jungle. Kent's second educated Burmese assistant was going round, swiftly measuring the girth of each log, entering the size in his notebook. Coolies with hammers were stamping the tree-trunks with the year, with the number "18" which was Kent's number, and with the Company's initials.

All worked feverishly, for there was a bonus of two *ticals* for every man if 300 logs got away down river with this rise; and two crisp green notes like that were worth having!

Kent began examining the wood, followed by four Siamese with hammers. As he called out the quality of each log, the Siamese hammered that number on it. It was an hour and a half before the swift dusk overtook them: the elephants were led away, the coolies drifted off to their villages, and Kent made for his battered bungalow, for a bath and the meal he could smell cooking.

Later he wrote up his diary, checked up the figures for felling and river-stacking, tried to teach bridge to his two Burmese assistants, then went to stand out on the veranda, motionless, seeing the firelight in the villages, hearing the last hoots from the monkeys, and taking in the still-warm, damp green smell from the jungle—a tall, lean and very tough young man, who knew his job and was glad to be at it again, a real teak forest-manager who passed no inferior stuff.

His face, marked yet with the hardships of a Japanese war, and his deep blue eyes, showed little of what he was thinking: wondering where Inspector Llewellyn was that night; whether Poo Gow would ever work again; what the Americans would say this time, and wondering where his girl was just then: another year of this, and he'd be settling down to a wood-mill job in Bangkok, and there'd be no more wondering then. . . .

THE visitors arrived late next morning. They were a shock. It wasn't Llewellyn at all. Strangers in the Mae Gonya valley!

Kent was up-river a little, measuring the rise in the level, when he heard the commotion in the compound.

He saw the party outside the bungalow—two whites, half a dozen blue-panted coolies, and somebody lying in a litter.

The two men sat on the bottom step and watched Kent approach.

"Mister Kent?" one asked shortly; and Kent recognized the accent. He wasn't surprised. The Americans had found him.

The speaker was a long, almost effeminate type, a little stooped—certainly easy to be mistaken for Inspector Llewellyn.

"That's right," Kent said.

The man leaned back, relaxed, and let his relief show.

"My name's Wilthew. This is Moulter. The guy with the fever in there is called Reiner, if it matters."

Kent looked at the sick man. There was the pallor of malaria there; the eyes were half open, unchanging.

"He likes quinine," the tall man said.

Edward Osmond

Kent had the litter carried indoors. The other two followed, and fell into chairs. A stiff whisky made little impression on their immense exhaustion. The short, beetle-browed fellow called Moulter could only wipe his face ceaselessly. Wilthew said they'd taken five days to get up river from the end of the railway at Sauratan.

"You exploring or something?" the teak man asked.

"Only for you, Mister Kent."

"Don't tell me you're from those lunatics in San Francisco."

"Who else would come here for you?"

"But I had this all out with your people in 1942. I gave them my answer then!"

"It was the wrong answer, Mister Kent."

Kent lit his pipe. Moulter left his face alone for a moment to take a cigarette from his friend. Wilthew bent forward, and spoke as if to a child.

"In 1942," he said, "it didn't matter. There was still three years to go. Now, it's serious. We've only got two months left—it's taken us half a year to trace you. My agency is able to offer you a reward of 35,000 dollars—if you'll come."

"Thirty-five thousand!" Kent sighed. "It's gone up."

"You've only to appear half an hour in that Court in 'Frisco. Your testimony will mean two million bucks to our clients—and thirty-five grand for you."

"I'd never live to testify."

"We'd protect you."

"Nothing doing," the young man said, evenly.

"My God," Wilthew said, softly and bitterly, "you'd think we'd just come round the corner to ask him . . . he doesn't know what thirty-five grand is . . . sweating here on a filthy job like this for maybe 200 dollars a month! D'you realize you could retire altogether—build your own house in Australia—settle down!"

"Listen," Kent said. "Folks from your damned detective agency have pushed me round plenty these last few years You can go back and tell them——"

There was a soft slip-slopping on the steps.

It was one of the village headmen, to say that Luang Bon had got Poo Gow near the river, watching the other elephants work. Would the master come?

"In a moment," he said.

In that moment he was startled to find how his tremendous interest in the giant tusker had vanished, how his concern about teak had suddenly gone too, under the impact of this strange revival of an old nuisance.

It showed how deeply this American affair, half-forgotten as he'd thought, had gone into his mind. The crazy van Arma business had pestered him since 1940. Since 1940 he'd been trailed by their agents, men and women, bribing and cajoling and threatening; and there'd been almost as many from the other side, warning him of the consequences if he tried to testify in America. He was very sick of it, before the war had pulled a curtain over Siam. And here it was again.

He stared irritably at the paper that Wilthew had laid down on the bamboo table. Wilthew was tapping it in savage disgust.

"Before I forget it," he said. "I suppose you won't object to signing that."

Kent read it.

I, Robert Stanley Kent, Assistant Forest Manager for the North Central Siam Forest Corporation, of Bangkok, thirty-four years of age, born in Brisbane, Australia, do hereby testify:—

While on holiday in the U.S.A. in May 1940 I encountered the late Mr. William van Arma, senior, of Long Ridge, Jersey City. I was able to do him a service, viz., prevented him from being robbed, and he entertained me in his house. He stated he was convinced his son William was working against him, and therefore he, being in full possession of his sanity, had decided to alter his will. I witnessed the writing and signing of the new will, which left the bulk of his estate to his daughter, Romola. The will was also witnessed by a passer-by whose name I have forgotten. Signed. . . .

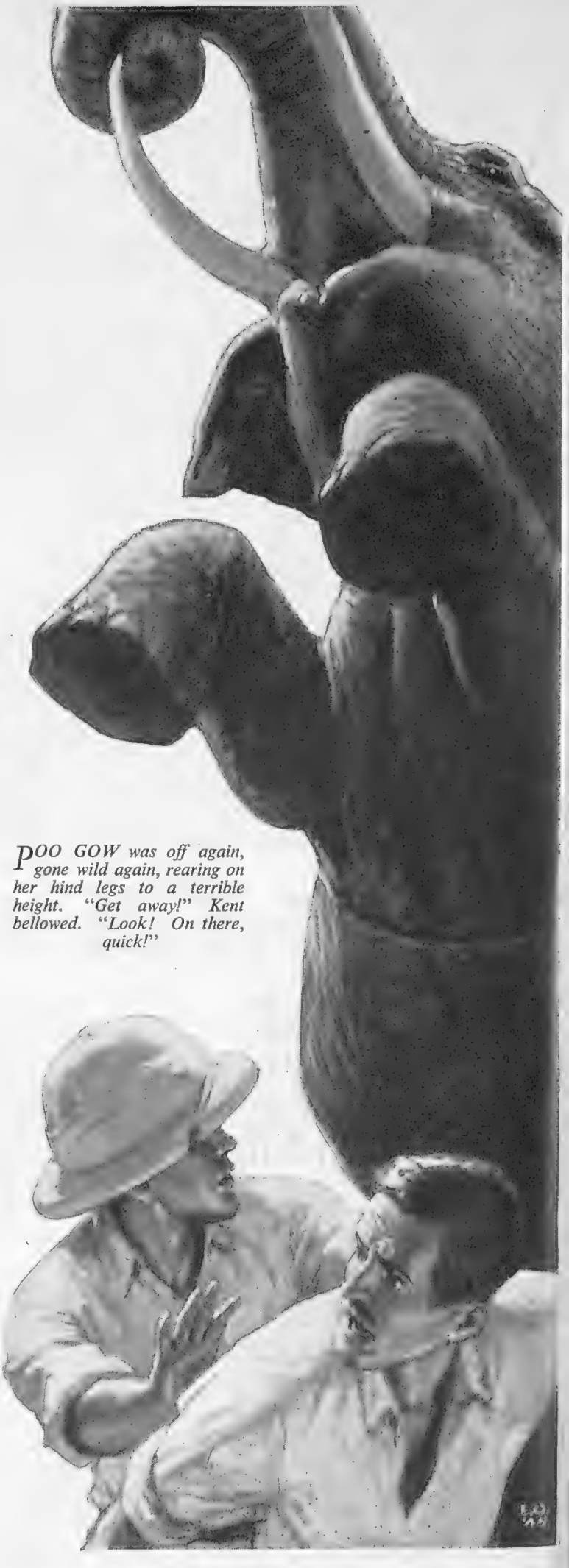
Kent signed it.

"That's the fourth I've signed."

"It's hardly worth carrying home," Wilthew grunted, "for what it'll mean in Court. They'll prove it's a forgery in five minutes." He became incensed again. "Listen—*why* won't you come?"

"I'm fed up with the whole thing," Kent retorted. "I'd advise you to start back down river this afternoon."

He stalked out, rounded up the visitor's coolies and told them to prepare for departure. (*Continued on page* 62)



POO GOW was off again, gone wild again, rearing on her hind legs to a terrible height. "Get away!" Kent bellowed. "Look! On there, quick!"

NEW YEAR OUTLOOK

RELIEF apart, one has to admit that the arrival of peace has caught many of us with the feeling of having run a race and arrived at the wrong winning post.

Nobody can be blamed for looking at the spoils of victory, still dusty and overheated with the chase, and saying, "Well, this is a poor show."

You could begin painting the furniture . . .

But during six years in which life has been entirely dominated by one ideal—to get the war over and to start life afresh—we have allowed ourselves to clothe the figure of peace in colours which never could be matched in reality.

Yet many of us have allowed ourselves to hope for a complete return to normal, and are perhaps despondent with the New Year's outlook because the picture we painted in imagination proves, in reality, to be composed in far more sombre hues.

Food continues to be monotonous; there are no exciting clothes to give a lift, the newspapers are depressing and, over the whole, there broods the villain of the peace—the atomic bomb.

But what are you going to do about it? Are you going to give way to depression and surrender to defeatism, or are you going to fight your way out of this post-war debility?

Appeals for further endeavour and new goals to win have grown horribly stale. We are tired of it all, but what we have to get into our heads is that the end of the fighting was not the final objective. It was just a vital stage on the way. So where do we go from here?

You are probably asking yourself what there is that you personally can do to combat this weight of depression and frustration. The answer to this is Action: to stop brooding about the apparent hopelessness of everything and create interests for yourself.

These may take all sorts of different forms, depending upon your taste and opportunities. They may be actively connected with social or political movements, or they may be just personal measures adopted to give you, as an individual, a new stimulus; something to take your mind off current anxieties and to substitute an objective policy for the one of drift which now may have you in its grip.

Initiative is the key to these healing activities, whatever your age, occupation or environment. Perhaps this seems a little vague, so here are a few suggestions to combat mental debility.

If you are a housewife you could, for instance, begin painting and decorating the house or your furniture with your own hands.

You have never tried this before?

You are just an amateur and the proposition scares you stiff. Well, what of that? You faced much harder tasks during the war and made a success of them. Besides, this is creative work and satisfying.

At first impact the idea of giving yourself a new interest in life, by starting to paint the old home, seems a little far-fetched, but I do assure you that once launched on a campaign of activity—any activity—you feel yourself getting more enthusiastic about everything and less inclined to sit back in despair. Call it a palliative, if you like. It works.

If house painting or some similar domestic activity doesn't quite fit in with your scheme of things, start a course of evening classes in—say—French. This will not only give you a new and improving occupation, it may even get you a better job.

Again, if you can afford it, you might give your spare time to charity, to one of the European Relief organisations. They need help, Heaven knows, and you would be widening your personal contacts and extending your field of active interests by assisting them.

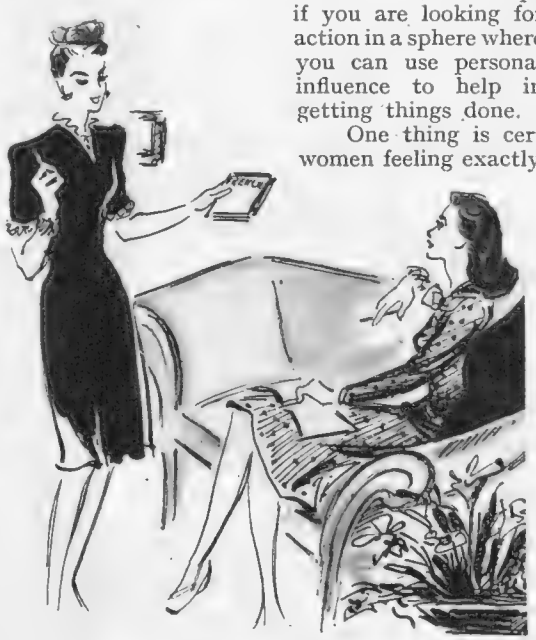
Local government, voluntary social and political movements offer the widest scope if you are looking for action in a sphere where you can use personal influence to help in getting things done.

Get together with women like yourself . . .

One thing is certain. There are thousands of other women feeling exactly as you do at this stage, so why not seek some of them out? Get together with women of like mind to yourself. Talk to them, plan things with them. Be the ones to start something which will be of mutual benefit to you all and to the community as well.

It is a fact, in one sense, that the drift of world politics and the shape of international things to come is beyond our individual powers to influence. We share the future, in relation to these matters, with every other human being in the world to-day. It is equally true that if you, as an individual, want a personal life and a future which is active, interesting and worth-while, there is only one person who can make it so, and that is yourself.

L. W.



Start a course of evening lessons in French . . .

AN important and eye-catching feature of all decorating designs for the future is the dramatic and intelligent use of lighting as an enhancement of every other point of interest. The pictures on these pages are reproduced from designs which were shown at a recent electrical exhibition, where miniature stages were set to depict the effect of unusual lighting in all the rooms of a house.

The general impression is one of luxury, but, in fact, many of the lighting features are quite simple and could be arranged in any average home without great expense.

In every case, the object of the lighting scheme has been to fulfil the two functions of illumination and decoration. Efficiency is never sacrificed to effect.

The central light has been completely banished. Shadowless illumination, sometimes concealed and always disposed so as to give light where it will have the fullest effect, has taken its place.

A beautiful window treatment, for instance, is given twice its dramatic value by means of strip-lighting concealed beneath the pelmet board, as in the right-hand picture. This arrangement calls for no elaborate wiring and is economical in the use of current, though it makes the window the dominating feature of a simple room.

A niche in the wall is lit from above to display a collection of charming glass or china ; an impressive wall-plaque, seen above the bed in the lower picture, replaces the more conventional type of wall fitting. In the same bedroom, an alcove above the bed is flooded with light from a concealed strip-light above. The whole effect of the lighting here is compelling to the eye, yet soft and restful.

The sitting-room with French casements takes us forward to the time when outdoor lighting can be used again. A vista of the floodlit garden is framed in the draped sitting-room window. This, too, is dramatic in its effect, yet calls for no great cost or effort to install.

Another feature in this room is the illuminated picture. For this a heavily-moulded gilt frame, painted white, was used to display brightly-coloured artificial flowers fixed upon a white background and floodlit from behind the frame. There is no attempt to give reality to the flowers : they are used for their colour effect alone.

Before the war sent interior decorating into the limbo, lighting had already filled a vitally important function as an integral part of all beautiful furnishing set-ups. To-morrow, that function promises to become even more pronounced.

THE FUTURE IS WELL LIT

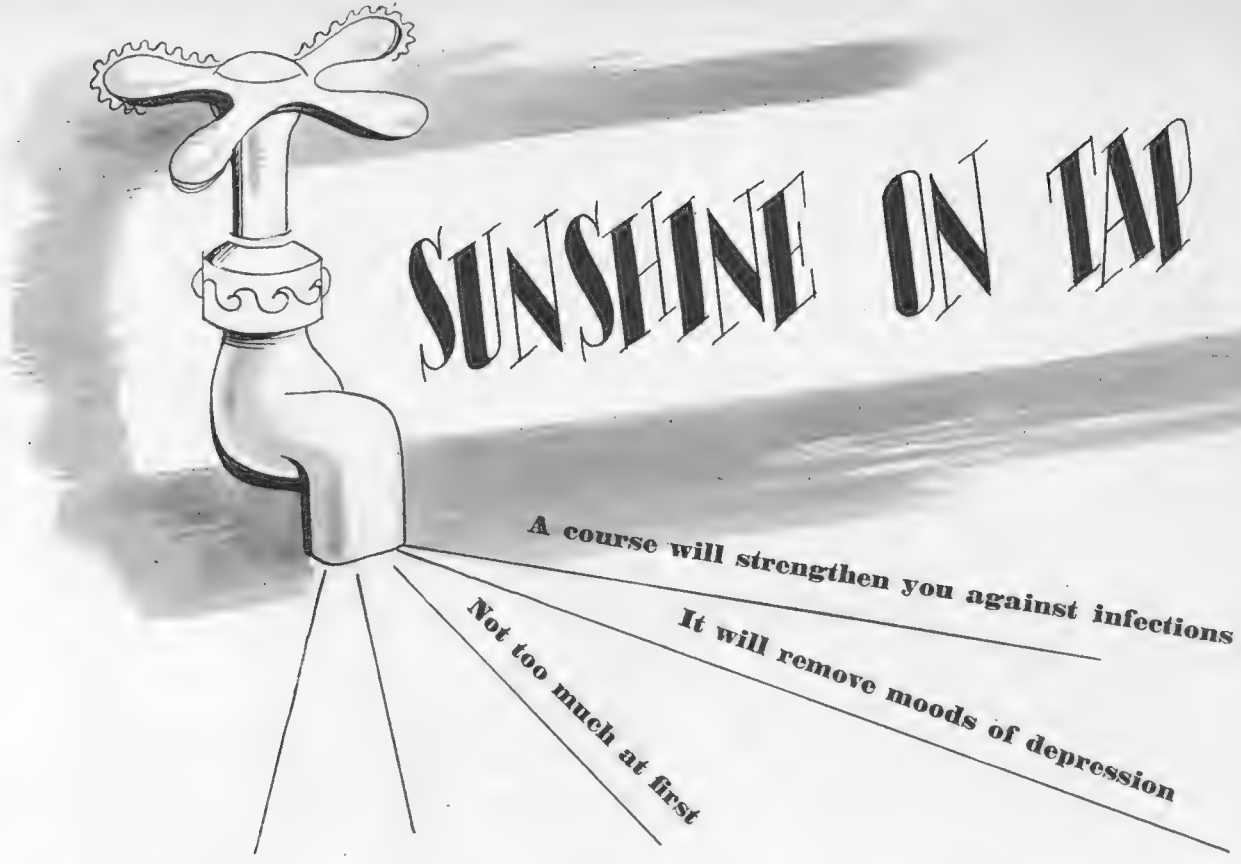
1. A floodlit vista of the garden framed in a charming window is the feature of this sitting-room, designed to show what interior lighting of to-morrow will be like. 2. The dining-room is small, but acquires interest from the illumination concealed under the draped pelmet. A disc of glass in the centre of the dining-table conceals another light. 3. Strips of lighting on the dressing mirror ensure for the occupant of this bedroom a perfect light for make-up. Otherwise illumination is diffused and restful.

IT SOUNDS LIKE MAGIC . . .

But it 's fact. The neat, clean-cut piece, next to the sink, which looks like a radiogram with a porthole, is a washing-machine which will do the family wash for you, entirely without assistance, in forty minutes. You pile in the clothes, switch on and leave it.

It fills itself with hot water, washes the clothes, changes the water, rinses them, empties the water, cleans itself out and leaves the clean washing damp-dried, and ready for ironing.

These machines are already in production and will soon be available.


SUNSHINE ON TAP
A course will strengthen you against infections
It will remove moods of depression
Not too much at first

SUNSHINE gives energy, raises your spirits, helps to strengthen your body against winter infections, prevents winter-long coughs and spring colds. Sunshine stimulates your circulation and thus improves the condition of your skin; it combats any Vitamin D deficiency, any tendency to rickets. And now, thanks to scientists, sunshine is always on tap for you; artificial sunshine, perhaps, but fulfilling the effects of true sun's rays, even to the coating of tan.

If your body is really suffering from an illness which a course of sunray treatments would remedy, your doctor can write to one of the large hospitals and, once the hospital doctor has verified the diagnosis, you can have treatments technically known as ultra-violet light.

If, on the other hand, you are just one of the hundreds dragging through the winter months bereft of vitality and enthusiasm, getting through the day's work by sheer determined effort, then you will have to make your own arrangements about a course of sunray treatments.

If you are in London, we can give you the address of a fully-qualified and long-experienced physiotherapist who is in charge of the electrical treatments in a hospital in the morning, but who takes private patients in the afternoon.

Out of London, you will have to ask your doctor to recommend someone to you, or else write to the Chartered Society of Physiotherapists, Torrington Square, London, W.C.1.

You must make sure that you go to a thoroughly experienced and qualified person for your treatments. There is no heat from the lamp (an ordinary radiator generally provides the warmth necessary to let you strip), and this, combined with a desire to get quick results, is liable to encourage the amateur to stay under the lamp a little longer than is wise.

The safest and usual routine is to stay from one to three minutes under the lamp at first—that is to say, expose back and front to the rays for one to three minutes each, and then, in about 48 hours, have a little longer, working up until you may have fifteen minutes, if you are the right type.

As with sunshine, so with ultra-violet rays from the lamp—the individual reactions are quite different and depend on colouring, skin texture and type. Black glasses are essential, of course, to protect the eyes. (There is a small minority which is allergic to any type of electrical treatment.)

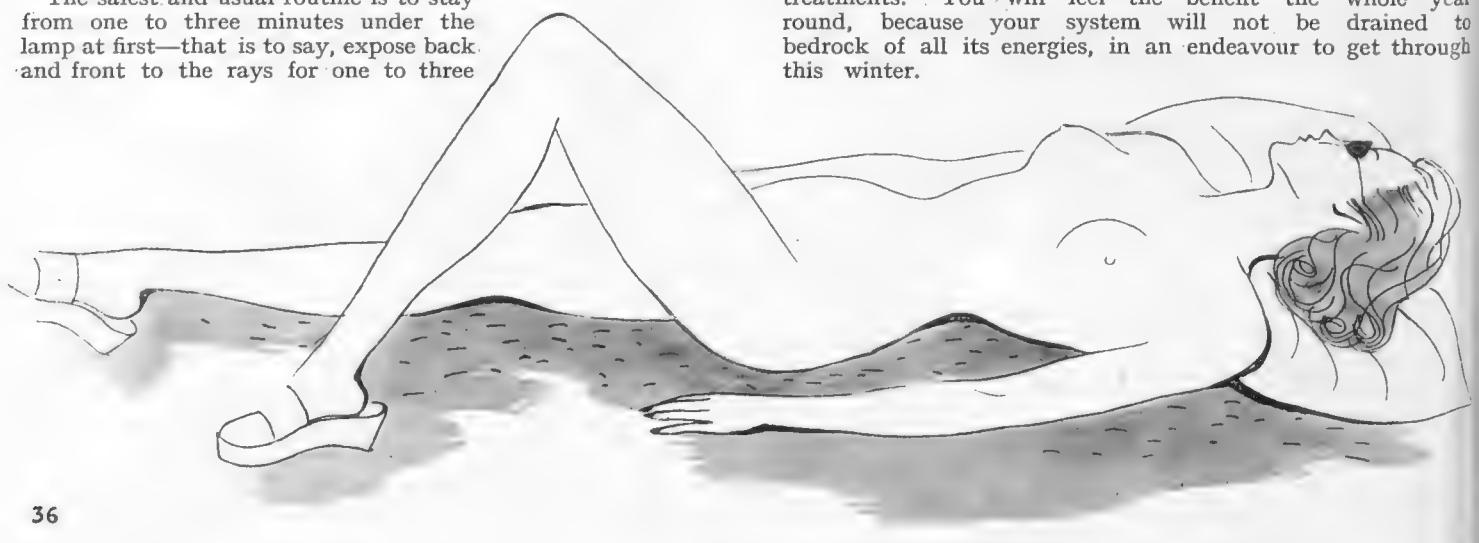
Once you have worked up to several minutes' duration of treatment, you should feel results. A warm, deep glow should permeate the body about six hours after your treatment. Even before this you may feel the rather sleepy, relaxed warmth that a rest in true sunshine will give you.

After your course of twelve treatments (less are ineffective) you will be enthusiastic, not only about the ultra-violet rays, but about your work, your future, your associates. The average cost for a dozen treatments is about 6 guineas, but in some cases adjustment is made for workers.

The home treatment, which you can give yourself after acquiring a sunlamp, is naturally weaker, because it has to be safe for an amateur to use. In the case of some cheap lamps, it is so weak that it is quite ineffective. But you can, at present, buy a good sunlamp from a well-known London chemist for £17 10s., the price including purchase tax, instructions, black glasses. You can also get it by deferred payments without any extra charge, the initial payment being £8 10s., followed by three monthly payments of £3.

The lamp weighs about 9½ lb., stands 16½ in. high, and is easy to handle. If you do decide on the home lamp, you must obey the instructions implicitly.

Take a course of Vitamin A and D capsules during the treatments. You will feel the benefit the whole year round, because your system will not be drained to bedrock of all its energies, in an endeavour to get through this winter.



THIS NEW YEAR'S EVE

EVEN if she hasn't a coupon to her name, she is going to be a new woman this year, and this is how . . .

Her hair goes up straight, smooth and high, brushed crownwards from back, sides and brow into the new topknot. (Achieved by tying a piece of tape beneath the ends, which are then combed over to form a large roll of hair.) For variation, encircle the topknot with a ribbon, Recamier style, a ring of flowers, a glittering necklace, or—as the girl in the picture has done—a thick plait.

This style gracefully accepts any glamour gee-gaws for dress-up occasions, feathers, clips, tulle, bows, veils.

Concentrate on finding the perfect-for-you foundation to give a smooth, flawless complexion.

Pink is the 1946 tint of foundation and powder. This is seen in the new Rubinstein make-up "Pink Champagne" and in Arden's latest, "Rose Mist." (If these are difficult to find, there is a flattering pink powder in another make, obtainable by post.)

When the skin-suiting foundation and pink powder have given face and neck the perfection of youth, the major problem is solved. Rouge must be discreet, blending away into nothing, as you end the stitching of a dart.

Eyes need shadow and mascara allure, but with such a delicate touch that you fascinate and puzzle everyone with the question of whether you have or have not got it on. Brown, grey-green, and lilac-grey are the neutral daytime shades of eye-shadow. Brown mascara is less noticeable than black, and should always be used for light or brown lashes, and only on the tips for day wear. Hot water on the brush gives a cleaner, finer application of mascara than cold (or saliva).

Lipstick shades are not vividly glaring this year. The rich, pure red of Coty's "Surprise" is perfect for most colourings. For tweeds and browns, the Coty "Bali"—a brownish-red—is excellent. Yellow-reds are out.

Day dresses, dinner dresses and evening dresses are all cut lower to display the neck and chest and sometimes the shoulders, so extend your skin-food treatments well below the face.

Breathing exercises can help to fill out salt-cellar hollows; neck exercises can aid the corded ugliness of the scraggy neck. Arden's "Adona" cream is specially created for necks, shoulders, elbows. Dingy necks will respond to any stimulating treatment.

The 1946 waistline is going to be very evident. Think of this when you slump in your armchair by the fire. Two things which will thicken your waist measurement enormously are starch and slumping.

The deportment rule continues: ears back over shoulders, shoulders over hip-bones, pelvis tilted forward, knees straight, chin up.

That is how this New Year's Eve is marching into 1946.

GIRLS WHO WEAR GLASSES...

Can be extremely attractive, provided they do not forget that they wear glasses and try to disguise the fact.

Eye make-up must be very careful indeed. Light lashes need mascara, of course, but the lashes must be trained upwards by constant brushing, and thus be out of contact with the lens. Bottom lashes should rarely be touched, nor a line drawn beneath them. Eyebrows should be left fairly thick in line, following the curve of the brow, although they can be kept well apart over the bridge of the nose. You can lengthen them slightly towards the temples, but as naturally as possible.

Because the rims of the glasses attract the eye to cheek-bones and temples—rouge danger-spots—you must be certain that your rouge is faint and perfectly blended in.

Choose the colour of your rims with care. A pale tone of your own eye colour can be effective, especially if it blends with your clothes. You may have two or three pairs for different moods, occasions and attires.

Have your hair done as elegantly as you wish, wear nail varnish, lipstick, rings, bracelets, necklaces and brooches, but remember that fussiness, veils, ear-rings, flowery head-posies, flowery hats, and that sort of pretty nonsense are not for you. These always look as though you are trying to take away from the fact that you wear glasses. There is no need to—you can look as attractive as anyone if you aim for sophisticated simplicity.

HEALTH AND BEAUTY BY CHRYSIS

If you want help with your beauty troubles or further details of anything mentioned in these articles, write to me at "Britannia and Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1

WHAT IS GOOD TASTE?

An example of exquisite restraint in interior decoration which achieves an effect of rich colouring and graceful proportions. Pale green enamelled walls make a background for fabrics of a deeper shade figured with purple.

In this living-room a luxurious elegance by the use of delicate a background for the

(On right) A white background acts as foil to the colouring of the portrait, which is perfectly balanced in its relation to the antique table set beneath it. The small chair has a cover of midnight blue and white

(On right, below) Good taste knows no period and owes no allegiance to fashion. It is expressed just as vividly in the furnishing of to-day and to-morrow as in that of the past. This speaks for a modern trend in decoration

This sitting-room expresses the most pleasing alliance of modern decoration with that of a more traditional type. Concealed lighting above the mantel throws a collection of coloured pottery and old china into relief against delicate white walls. Lamplight is reflected in mirror surfaces ; the scheme is luxurious, yet simple

(On the right) Good taste is exemplified in this grouping of a small Regency sideboard and a gilt mirror of the same era against a lavender and white wallpaper reproduced from a design of the period. The graceful silver candlesticks, the frail candelabra on the walls, and the Staffordshire cat are part of an harmonious alliance.

homeliness has been cunningly combined with walls together with frail but colourful details as more solid personality of the furniture

Even the homeliest country cottage sitting-room becomes distinguished under the influence of such carefully-planned detail as this. A collection of old china and glass has been made the feature of this simple room

BY WINIFRED LEWIS

YOU hear it said of a woman, "She has the most charming home—such good taste . . ." and you picture at once a woman against a background which is at once an enhancement and an integral part of her own individuality.

But what is this thing we call good taste? How do you analyse it; how do you capture its elusive parts?

There is a general idea that good taste, in the sense of decoration, is a gift bestowed upon the lucky few by the fairies at their cradles. This is only partly true. It would be more exact to say that, like genius, it is an infinite capacity for taking pains. There is, too, a certain element of luck and good timing in it, by which I mean that some women do seem to have a special capacity for picking up attractive things. It is hard to say just where good luck and perseverance part company, but you certainly need a little of both when collecting beautiful objects for the home.

Some women, too, seem to have a flair for colour, a sensitiveness to beauty and a natural understanding of the fitness of things, but this does not mean that the same talents cannot be cultivated.

I would say that good taste in decoration lies in the ability to express clearly an imaginative idea in which colour and comfort, as well as beautiful forms, combine as a balanced whole, satisfying to the eye and to the emotions. Moreover, an example of good taste in the treatment of the home is pleasing to *all* eyes and *all* emotions, even when it digresses from individual preferences.

A beautiful room never offends the eye. It is never strident in colour, never proclaims its features too emphatically. It may have elegance and individuality in the fullest measure, but it always has simplicity.

In a beautiful room every individual feature, however small, should have an intrinsic beauty of its own. This is the only way in which to build an harmonious whole.

It is essential to build from a basic plan, and with a clear visual conception of the finished job. You simply cannot throw a jumble of unrelated objects together against a casual background and achieve beauty.

It is not by any means the most expensive decor which achieves the most charming result. Some of the loveliest effects, in the very best traditions of good taste, have been achieved with furnishings of no great intrinsic worth. These are the circumstances in which good taste, arrived at by care and thought and combination of colour and form, is to be most admired.

Take a striking harmony of colour; pieces of furniture which have shapeliness and are carefully balanced, in size and proportions, with each other; add decorative detail which is carefully planned in relation to the grouping, and has, in each case, merit in its own right, then take away every extraneous object which circumstances or enthusiasm prompt you to include, and you have a beautiful room.

GREENHOUSE GARDENER

AS the years pass the energies of the gardener lessen, but enthusiasm and knowledge increase. Deep digging, mowing large lawns and climbing fruit-trees to prune them—all these tough jobs give place to less muscular, but more specialised forms of the great hobby.

Two of the most interesting of these are small-greenhouse and roof gardening. The greenhouse provides the excitement of flowers, fruit and vegetables out of season, when the ordinary garden is bare.

A large variety of plants get used to the cool greenhouse and do very well, even if their grandparents were used to central heating.

The vital points to remember for the small greenhouse are these : Regular ventilation at the best time of day, no draughts, the prevention of frost getting into the house, and a really good rich soil in which to grow plants. The best mixture for this purpose consists of the following, in three equal parts : hop manure, garden loam and sand. Chemical fertilisers should be used very carefully. Too little is always better.

If the glasshouse is on the south side of the house and is used as a sun trap, very carefully ventilated, the temperature can be maintained at about 70 degrees, and in this you can grow melons, early tomatoes, cucumbers and even mushrooms, in the summer.

Chrysanthemums, carnations, petunias, begonias, and many glasshouse plants, including dozens of different ferns, may keep the gardener deeply engrossed to profitable ends and endless pleasure.

The roof garden also provides an endless variety for the enterprising gardener. Tomatoes and potatoes have been grown with great success in such places. But flowers, creepers and rose bushes can be equally rewarding.

The soil for the roof garden should be the same mixture as that for the small greenhouse. Peat or leaf mould may be used if there is no hop manure.

All the plants in the roof garden live in boxes and tubs and pots, and as these containers are so shallow, regular watering is important.

Ferns, bulbs, cacti and succulents are also worthy friends for these gardens, and they all respond well to thoughtful attention and care.

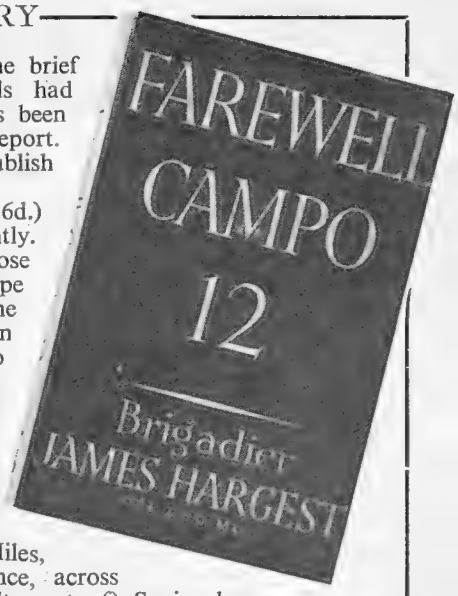
Remember that all the plants in greenhouse and roof garden are growing under artificial conditions, and they need special thought and understanding. They are not like their brothers in the open garden which may be left for Nature to look after. **E. J. C.**

A variety of attractive plants can be cultivated in a city roof garden, provided they are well watered.

(On right) Beautiful crops of prize blossoms may be cultivated in the small greenhouse at all times of the year.

A THRILLING ESCAPE STORY

Brigadier James Hargest in the French railwayman's disguise in which he travelled through occupied France



FROM the time when Reuter's first issued the brief announcement that several British Generals had escaped from their prison camp in Italy, it has been obvious that a "big" story must lie behind the report. Considerations of security made it impossible to publish the story any earlier, but "Now It May Be Told."

"**Farewell Campo 12**" (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.) tells it—modestly, as one would expect, and brilliantly. Brigadier James Hargest, C.B.E., D.S.O., M.C., whose true account this is, of one of the most thrilling escape stories of all time, was captured in command of the 5th New Zealand Infantry Brigade, during an attempt to relieve Tobruk. He was taken to Campo Concentramento 12 (Castello Vincigliata, a fortress high on the hills above Florence).

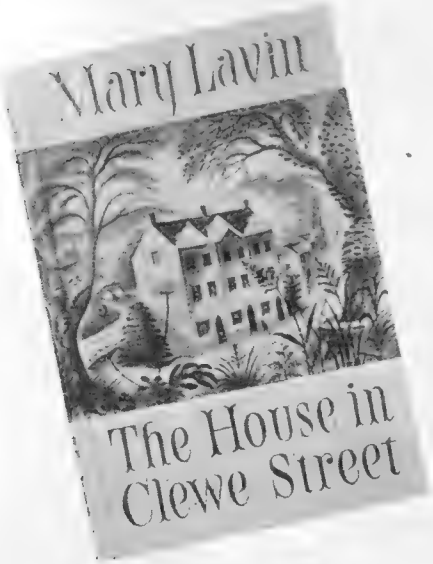
Here, with such companions as Major-Generals Carton de Wiart, V.C., Philip Neame, V.C., and Lt.-General Sir Richard O'Connor, he planned and ultimately put into action an intensely dramatic break-out.

With another New Zealander, Brigadier Miles, Hargest eventually reached Switzerland. Thence, across France and into (and with consummate difficulty *out of*) Spain, he got back to England and set about writing this amazing book.

On D-Day, 1944, he was off again, going across the Channel with the 50th (Northumbrian) Division. Two months later he was killed by a shell which exploded near his jeep.

Books:

Reviewed by Alan Seymour

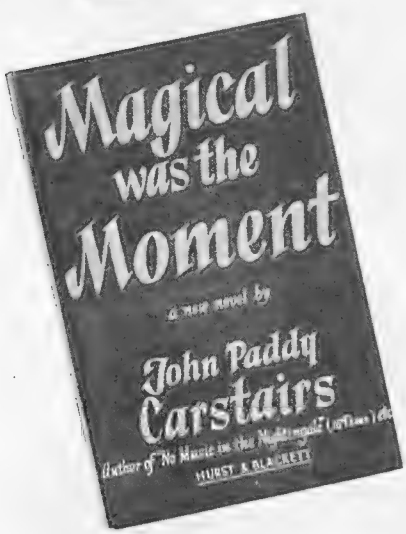


MARY LAVIN'S new book, "**The House in Clewe Street**" (Michael Joseph, 12s. 6d.), provides her debut as a novelist. Already she has given us two volumes of distinguished short stories—"Tales from Bective Bridge," her first, which won the James Tait Black Memorial Prize for the best work of fiction published in the fruitful year 1943, and "The Long Ago," published the following year.

Her novel is a shrewdly observant piece of craftsmanship. It is a long book, running to 237,000 words, yet so clearly does Miss Lavin enable us to visualize her characters, and with so understanding a heart does she present their story, that the book never lags for an instant throughout all its 460 closely printed pages.

Gabriel, dominated by his prudish aunts and struggling to achieve the independence of manhood, the aunts themselves whose uncompromising nature permeates the house in Clewe Street in which they all live and—Onny. Onny, the elemental, the unsophisticated, the coarsely pathetic servant girl whose animal spirits unwittingly ensnare him. Miss Lavin's story is told with a deep insight and much detail and it is told beautifully.

The pendulum swings a little overfar, on occasions, from the enforced economy of expression imposed upon the erstwhile *short* story writer, and she could well afford to prune here and there, but only for the sake of speeding up the action in her story. There is no word in this novel which could be dispensed with for any other reason.



TO turn, for a moment, from the realms of Fiction to Fact—and stern Fact, at that—let me tell you something about "**The Problem of Security**," by Lt.-Gen. Sir Gifford Martel (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.).

To-day, this problem looms not so much as one of security as one of survival, for with the coming of the Atomic Age all our old-time shibboleths about the invincible might of Right must needs be discarded, giving place to a wholesome regard for self-protection whilst the heart and conscience of mankind catch up with science.

Although a scheme for world security may eventually be practicable, General Martel points out that it will be a long time before it is likely to be acceptable to all nations. Yet, without security, both economic and military, there can be no real advance in the prosperity of the world or of any country.

It is in the strengthening of ties within our Empire that he sees most of hope for our future and lest you might suppose that, by reason of his notable career, General Martel would be preoccupied with military considerations, let me assure you at once that this is by no means the case.

AND now, by way of further contrasts, let us turn back from the sombre considerations of to-day and the frightening speculations of to-morrow, to that quiet world of lovely and permanent values that seems so distant as I write.

"**The Bay Filly,**" by John Lindsey (Rich & Cowan, 8s. 6d.), is one of the most charming and graceful novels I have read.

It is the story of a little horse that was bought at the (*Continued on page* 58)

Your Public Library

Why Not Make Use Of It?

By Wilma Buckley

I AM convinced that a great number of otherwise well-informed men and women in this country do not realize the possibilities offered to them by their municipal and county libraries.

Perhaps it is because the word "public" strikes a pedestrian, somewhat thankless, note, much in the manner of that unfortunate label "utility."

Or it may be that the sound of anything public, as opposed to something private, unconsciously offends the instincts of a privacy-loving people, who, when all's said and done, inevitably prefers the exclusive to the free-for-all. Perhaps the operative word, implicit if unspoken, is "free"; it being a sad but a well-established fact that humanity inevitably looks a gift-horse well in the mouth.

The above is an excellent example of a public library: Apsley Branch Public Library at Nottingham

(Left) A corner of the branch public library provided by the Bermondsey Council for the convenience of dockers and other workers in the district

(Below) Miss Irene Thornley, a librarian, issuing books to readers at Ruislip Public Library

It was not until wartime exigencies (and a consequently more adventurous and inventive outlook) inspired me to investigate my own district's public library, that I realized what I had been missing during years gone by.

I should have known better—but, possibly due to the reasons stated, had confusedly visualized a chill and forbidding establishment of the police station type, directed with the cold impersonality of a post office, and sparsely furnished with the kind of books that nobody would want to read, anyway; and had never attempted to verify or refute this impression.

The truth is so different from my ignorant imaginings that I feel a need to share my discovery with all book-lovers who may still be under a similar misapprehension—or with those who have, simply, never thought about it at all.

Our public libraries, like the old slogan advertising a certain make of pen, "come like a boon and a blessing" to all readers, dilettante or serious. Anyone who is a ratepayer or resident can make use of the local public library, giving a name and address and being issued with a card conferring "membership." One or two books at a time may then be chosen and taken home, without any charge whatsoever; these books may be kept for a reasonable length of time or changed as often as it is wished.

Facilities are often extended to those who are not actually resident in the library's particular area, as I have found from personal experience. Although I live in the county of Somerset, I am able to take two books at a time, as often as I want to, from Bristol's handsome Central Library, for the modest yearly charge of five shillings; a benefit conferred by the County of Gloucester. Books may be returned and sent by post when a personal call is not feasible.

The staffs of our public libraries are chosen for their sympathetic personalities as well as for the high educational standard that is demanded of them. Candidates for these posts must have a degree, and future librarians have to pass examinations in literary history, bibliography, cataloguing, classification, library history and library routine. It is not, therefore, surprising that one's sometimes vague requests for books or information on a recondite subject are invariably and successfully dealt with. This understanding grasp of the reader's needs must partly be due to the public libraries' superb system of classification.

In addition to the most comprehensive reference library most of these establishments contain reading rooms where current newspapers, magazines, directories, time-tables, and maps can all be pored over at leisure and in a quiet atmosphere; apart from the rows and rows of clearly sign-posted book-shelves from which the borrower may make a choice from works on every subject under the sun, including fiction.

The "open-shelves" system is the rule in most public libraries, enabling the reader to wander about freely with free access to the shelves; surely a tribute (*Continued on page 66*)

DRESS: BY JEAN BURNUP

Editor, Women's Department

AS tailored, masculine lines bow their way out, femininity takes the stage for the coming year, and brings us softer, more appealing, prettier clothes than we have seen for many years.

The new silhouette, waisted, bosomy, hippy, has a dropped, rounded shoulder line, fuller and often longer skirts. Hitched up side drapery, bustles, gathered pepiums, thigh-length jackets flaring below tight, wide belts, add to the new look. Most compelling change is the full, deep armholed droopy sleeve. You see it here, in the various forms it takes.

1. Grey tweed dress, with deep wing sleeves, a one-sided peg top skirt, with pocket, lizard belt and buttons. *Rima.*

2. Hipline and sleeve drapery, a train, a slit skirt, featured in an orchid rayon dinner dress. *Alexander Howard.*

3. Black face-cloth topcoat, the dropped shoulder line made emphatic with self appliqued detail, which is repeated each side of the waist. *Windsmoor.*

4. A small collar and revers, a single-breasted fastening, accentuate an armhole line that starts almost from the waist in this blue-green gabardine coat. The back is lavishly gathered above and below the small belted waist. *Dereta.*

5. Dolman sleeves, pointed up by seaming details in a fine wool violet-blue day dress. *Rembrandt* (*Better Utility*).

By Harriet Muir

New Year

MENU

Liver Pâte Nicoise

Beef Roll A L'Americaine

Lobster Paillettes

Chocolate Mousse

Dinner Party

FARM SLICES

Cut into neat slices as many half-an-inch thick slices of bread as you need and let them soak for half an hour in a custard made in the usual way. Then fry them on both sides in hot fat until golden brown. Serve immediately, spread with jam.

BAKED CHOCOLATE CREAM

Mix 1 teaspoonful of flour with 2 tablespoonfuls of cocoa and 4 eggs (dry); beat into a smooth paste with 1 cupful of milk. Bring to the boil 4 cupfuls of milk and pour slowly over the cocoa, stirring all the time. Strain into a flat fireproof dish and bake in a slow oven until set. Serve hot sprinkled with sugar.

DATE DUMPLINGS

Pass through the mincer or chop very finely 4 oz. of stoned dates. Rub 2 oz. of margarine in 8 oz. of flour, add the dates, 2 eggs (dry) and enough milk to form a stiff dough. Roll into balls in flour and drop into boiling water. When the balls rise to the surface leave them for five more minutes then drain them and serve sprinkled with sugar.

JANUARY SPECIAL

Cream 3 oz. of margarine and incorporate in 3 oz. of flour; mix well with 1 dessertspoonful of jam and 1 of marmalade; finally add 3 oz. of breadcrumbs and 2 reconstituted eggs, well beaten. Put the mixture in a greased basin and steam the pudding for 1½ hours. Serve with a custard sauce.

MILANESE PUDDING

Put ¼lb. of macaroni in boiling water and boil for 10 minutes; strain and wash in plenty of cold water. Next pass them through the mincer, put in a saucepan, and just cover them with milk. Let simmer until the milk is absorbed and then sweeten to taste, adding a few drops of your favourite flavouring. When ready, remove from the fire and beat in two reconstituted eggs. Bake in a moderate oven until brown.

Puddings And Sweets

EGGLESS PUDDING

Take 1 cupful of flour and rub in ½ cupful of chopped suet; add ½ cupful of sugar and make into a stiff dough with ½ cupful of milk. Grease a basin and pour in ½ cupful of jam, put the mixture on top. Tie a clean cloth over the basin and steam for 3 hours.

LIVER PÂTE NICOISE

Melt 2 oz. of margarine and fry 2 small, thinly chopped onions; add 1 teaspoonful of mixed, chopped herbs, 1 of paprika powder, and, finally, stir in ½ cupful of meat stock. Next mince ¼ of the total quantity of liver you have been able to obtain, and slice the remainder. Mix the former with ¼ lb. of sausage meat. Grease a casserole and fill with layers of minced and sliced liver, pour over the sauce, put a lid on the dish, and bake for 1½ hours in a low oven. Turn out when cold, and serve in a bed of lettuce leaves.

BEEF ROLL A L'AMERICAINE

Fry in 1 oz. of lard 2 chopped onions, 1 teaspoonful of mixed, chopped herbs and 2 rashers of bacon passed through the mincer. Incorporate 1 dessertspoonful of flour and add 1 cupful of meat stock. Bring to the boil. Season to taste, and stir in, after removing from the fire, 2 eggs (dry) and 2 crustless slices of bread soaked in milk and well squeezed. Beat flat a large piece of steak, and when the stuffing is cold, spread it on the meat, roll tightly, tie, and roast in a hot oven according to the weight of meat. (Approximately 20 minutes for each 1 lb. of beef.) Serve with

BROCCOLI MOULD

Boil 2 large broccoli until amost tender then cut off the stalks and press gently, head downwards, into the dish in which they will be served, all the flowerettes. Cover with a thin white sauce and leave in a hot oven until really tender.

N.B.—Don't throw away the stalks or the water, but keep both for a cauliflower soup next day.

CHOCOLATE MOUSSE

Take 2 oz. of cocoa and mix with 2 tablespoonfuls of cornflour; pour slowly over it ¼ pint of milk, stirring well until the mixture is free of lumps. Bring to the boil 1 pint of milk (or half milk half water), and when boiling pour over the cocoa mixture while stirring. Pour back into the saucepan and let simmer for 10 minutes. Remove from the fire and add a few drops of vanilla essence, 4 dessertspoonfuls of sweetened condensed milk and sugar to taste. Fill individual glasses and serve very cold with (if possible) the cream from the top of the milk whipped into a froth.

LOBSTER PAILLETTES

Make some puff pastry with 4 oz. of margarine and 4 oz. of flour; roll it out five times, the last time to ¼ of an inch in thickness. Sprinkle with grated cheese and cut into slices 1 inch wide and 3 inches long; bake in a moderate oven until golden brown, then split each finger lengthwise and spread with lobster purée. Repeat before serving.

LOBSTER PURÉE

Pound well the contents of a small tin of lobster and mix with 1 oz. of creamed margarine and 1 dessertspoonful of thick white sauce. Add pepper and salt to taste.

Yoked Blouse

MATERIALS

4 oz. of 2-ply La Laine in main colour; 1 oz. of 2-ply contrast colour; 1 pr. each of No. 12 and No. 10 knitting needles; 2 buttons.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to the lower edge, 19 ins.; across the back and front underarms, 17 ins.; underarm of sleeve, 5 ins.

TENSION

For No. 10 needles, 8 sts. to 1 in.

THE FRONT

With No. 10 needles, cast on 120 sts.

1st and 2nd rows.—K.

3rd row.—K. 4, * k. 2 tog., m. 1, k. 4; rep. from * to end.

4th and 5th rows.—K.

Now continue in following rib: * k. 1, p. 1; rep. from * to end of row.

Continue until work measures 12 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 88 sts. remain. Change to contrast wool with a k. row. Work in the following patt.:—

1st row.—Sl. 1, k. 1, * p. 3 sts. tog. Into the next st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

2nd and 4th rows.—Sl. 1, k. 1. P. to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

3rd row.—Sl. 1, k. 1. * Into the next st., k. 1, p. 1, k. 1, p. 3 sts. tog. Rep. from * to the last 2 sts., k. 2.

These 4 rows form patt.

Continue until armhole measures 5 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts., work 40 sts.

Work on the last set of 40 sts. (place the first set on a spare needle). Work for 2 ins., casting off 2 sts. at beg. of every neck edge row until 28 sts. remain. (*Continued on page* 66)

Striped Sweater

MATERIALS

6 oz. of Listers' 3-ply Lavenda, in main colour; 4 oz. of 3-ply in contrast colour; 1 pr. each of No. 10 and No. 12 needles; 2 buttons and 1 belt.

MEASUREMENTS

From the top of shoulder to lower edge, 22 ins.; Across the back, and front underarms, 17 ins.; underarm of sleeve, 18 ins.

TENSION

15 sts. to 2 ins.

THE BACK

With main colour wool and No. 10 needles, cast on 120 sts. K. into the back of 1st row. Work 4 rows k. 1, p. 1 rib. Continue in the following stripes and patt.:—

1st row.—Main colour. P.

2nd row.—Join contrast colour. K.

3rd row.—Join main colour. P.

4th row.—P.

5th row.—Join contrast colour. P.

6th row.—Join main colour. K.

These 6 rows form patt. and stripes.

Work 2 ins., then dec. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row following until 106 sts. and work measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge. Then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 6th row until 116 sts. Continue without further shaping until 15 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE ARMHOLES

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows. Then dec. 1 st. each end of every row until 90 sts. remain. When armhole measures 3 ins., divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Work on the first set of 45 sts. until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row. Work for 1 in. at the same time dec. 1 st. every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain. (*Continued on page* 66)

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'Contrary fits' usually mean lack of energy, and food is the source of energy. Fortunately, cod liver oil — the only unrationed priority food — is easy to get. And it is such a wonderful natural source of vitamins A and D that doctors recommend it as an 'extra' even in normal times.

SevenSeaS — the most dependable cod liver oil — is much richer in fats and vitamins than butter. It is palatable and digestible, because it is pure and sea-fresh. Children who take SevenSeaS regularly at meal-times have strong, straight bones and sound teeth. And they're generally the ones who don't catch cold easily.

STANDARD OIL: Vitamin A 20,000 I.U.; Vitamin D 2,500 I.U. per oz.
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"Jolly good biscuits!"

After winning a hard-fought match, the girls feel they've earned their Weston biscuits! They like the fresh, crisp taste that makes these biscuits so appetizing—and there's nothing better for restoring the energy used up in work or play. They are made from the finest ingredients obtainable, blended by experts and baked to perfection.

Weston

A favourite choice to-day is Weston Rich Digestive, 1/4d. a pound.

Mothers Are Made, Not Born

We discarded many ancient tenets in the new world which emerged after World War I, among them that which says that all women are born with a magical touch which ensures success in the care and upbringing of their children.

Nobody denies that the influence of a mother with her own child, the love and security which she alone can provide, is irreplaceable. This, the psychological aspect of motherhood, is one thing. The science—what we might call the mechanics of child care—are another and cannot be taken for granted.

Methods promoting physical and psychological health in the young have become matters of science. Women are not born with this practical knowledge, they have to acquire it.

It would be rash to say that any one person was responsible, in the first place, for the realization that the healthy development of the human body and mind depended, among other things, upon right principles of feeding and training from earliest days. This came through a process of medical evolution. Theories then practised in medical circles were far removed from the public consciousness until a doctor came along who realized that to practise them in the circle of the hospitals alone was to touch only the outside fringes of the problem. The object was not to deal with sick children but to create a race of children who were not sick. His name was Doctor Truby King.

This New Zealander whose theories were at that time advanced, to say the least of it, realized that publicity for the new methods of infant care and training were essential if the only people who could put them into universal practice—the mothers—were to be co-opted into his scheme for a healthy nation.

It is too long a story to tell of the methods of direct and indirect publicity used to achieve this end. The fact remains the idea caught on. It did so because the early stages of baby welfare work were attended with spectacular success. Harassed and inexperienced mothers benefited from their newly acquired skill and spread the news. They had learnt that crying babies, once temporarily mollified with a comforter, were often ailing babies, and just as often merely undisciplined babies who could be transformed by scientific feeding and a disciplined routine, into contented placid little beings. They found that the drudgery of dirty nappies could be overcome by a systematic routine.

The drudgery of motherhood was dissipated to a great extent by the new methods. There was no more tyranny of the overpampered child. Mother could go out in the evenings, if there was a capable person in charge with no anxiety about sudden awakenings and hysterical cries for "Mummy."

Medical authorities everywhere combined to preach the new gospel and such was their success that other enthusiasts were encouraged to come in on the promotion side of this new educational drive. Such powerful and splendid institutions as the National Council for Maternity and Child Welfare and the Mothercraft Circle—among many others—sprang from these small beginnings.

The child mortality rate began to show an encouraging decline. Central and local government sat up and took notice.

Since then there has been no looking back. The mothers of this new age may be no more devoted, but they are more highly skilled. They have proved that mothers are made, not born.

Louisa Kay

Summer's lease may be all too short for poets, but for motorists the coming of winter is a fresh invitation to see the countryside at its most exhilarating. And, no matter if the winds blow cold or the snows lie crisp upon the ground, the comfort, warmth and reliability of Ford motoring adds pleasure to journeys essential to the daily task.

Penberthy, near Lamorna, Painted by Lamorna Birch, R.A.

Owners of Ford cars have had the wisdom of their choice repaid in many ways. Throughout the war the Ford Dealer Organization has continually offered service facilities incomparable in extent and efficiency. The result is readily apparent on the roads today.

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IN the early days of the eighteenth century "the toast of the town" was Lavinia Fenton, the original Polly of The Beggars Opera who afterwards became the Duchess of Bolton.
The story goes that in a London tavern famed for the skill of its celebrated cook Tom Pierce, a party of gallants toasted Miss Fenton in wine drunk out of one of her shoes. But that was not the end of the shoe. In their zeal to honour the most popular actress of the day, the party consigned the shoe to Tom Pierce who subsequently produced it "exquisitely ragooed for their supper!"

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famous since 1790

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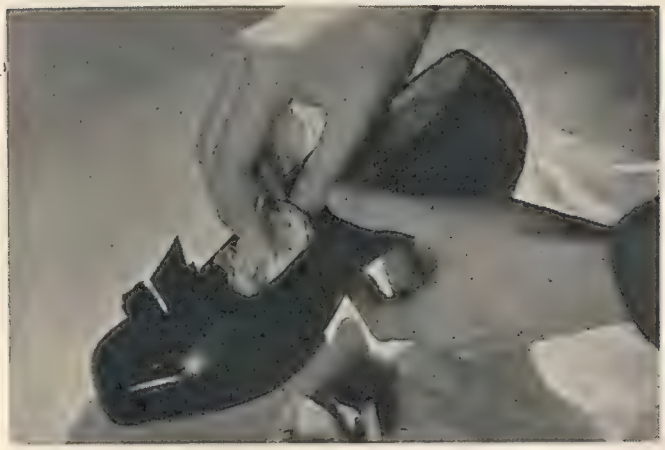
Lasting Principles

Whether you have been lucky enough to get new shoes, or are still making the old ones do, measures to prolong their lives are essential. Here are some helpful notes for winter shoe care, when dirty weather adds to the strain



Stuff shoes tightly with paper whenever you remove them to put away. This operation takes only a minute, but it adds something important and lasting to the chance of keeping up appearances, especially when shoes have been out in the damp.

Excessive heat cracks and perishes leather, so never dry shoes before a fire or near any direct rays of heat. Stuff the shoes with paper and turn them on their sides so that air circulates freely around the soles and uppers.

Leather needs feeding if it is to be kept supple and prevented from developing cracks. Shoe polish is not now as rich in feeding properties as it used to be, nevertheless it pays to use the best polish you can get and to use it freely, taking time to rub it thoroughly into the skin before polishing.

New suede shoes should be kept in condition with a wire brush. Older ones which have become greasy can be scrubbed very lightly with a brush dipped in hot soapy water. Use the water sparingly and dry off quickly with a soft cloth. Restore the nap with a wire brush.

Saddle soap is a good cleaning agent for brown shoes which have developed dark stains. Rub the discoloured parts of the shoe with the soap and a moistened rag. When the leather is quite dry, clean and polish as usual.

Small splits in the surface of your old satin evening shoes can be covered up and made secure for a little longer by touching lightly over the worn part with a fine paintbrush dipped in colourless liquid glue and used sparingly.

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Dramas Of The Sawdust Ring

(*Continued from page* 21)

Edward Seago, celebrated circus painter and author of *Circus Company*, working at a canvas one day, was distracted by a frightful growling and screaming. Adolph Brietberg, the bear and lion tamer, lay bleeding on the floor of the cage with a large bear sprawled across him, sucking blood from his throat. A second bear prowled round, growling. Three others squatted in corners, wallowing in water from a still-running hose.

Mr. Seago, grasping a pitchfork, thrust at the bear through the bars, while Tim, a circus hand, gripped Adolph's arm and tried to pull him to the side, but the bear only tightened its hold. They rushed to the cage door. It was padlocked. The key was in Adolph's pocket. "Break the bars!" shouted Tim, calling for a crowbar. Others ran up to help. They wrenched at the bars, at first without avail. Then, at last, a bar gave way.

One of the rescuers, Juan de Costa, pluckily squirmed through the gap, took the pitchfork, and struck at the bear, driving it to the back of the cage, while the others pulled Adolph to the opening. Enraged at losing its prey, the bear, with blood dripping from its mouth, turned fiercely on de Costa again. He struck at its head with all his strength, then—carefully timing his stroke—plunged the fork into the beast's side. It dropped on all fours with a howl of pain. De Costa followed up with repeated blows, driving it into a corner, then made his escape. But his heroism could not save Adolph. By the time they got him out he had been badly mauled, clawed, and scalped. An hour later he was dead.

AL. G. BARNES, Big Top successor to Barnum, had a sensational showdown with, Tusko, the ten-ton Tibetan elephant—probably the biggest ever captured—which he used to ride in the ring. Having to leave for California when the circus was at Seattle, he deputed the job to an assistant, Peck. At the first performance Peck was half-way up the ladder when Tusko showed his dislike of the change by flinging him and the ladder aside and scattering the audience in panic with his enraged bellows.

An exit blocked by cars offered no serious obstacle to the giant who had hauled logs in the lumber camps. Levering one car on top of another with his tusks, he made off, turned into a yard, and hurled chicken houses and coops about as if they were matchboxes. When bull-men brought up the elephant horse, which the elephants are trained to follow, and the horse headed him into a telegraph pole, down it went, wires and all. Tusko then charged a two-story frame house and so shook it to its foundations that the occupants thought they had been visited by an earthquake. His next impulse was to snap the doors of a garage off their hinges, push the car through the wall, and emerge triumphant behind it. He uprooted apple trees in an orchard and pitched them about like matchsticks, then discovered an illicit "whisky mash" in a large barn, got playful on it, frisked about like a lamb, reduced the barn to a shambles, and wandered off blind drunk to sleep it off in a pine forest, where he was duly collected in chains.

Tusko's other exploits, related by Al Barnes in *Master Showman*, included a fight with three bulls in a Mexican ring—he just tossed them contemptuously over the fence—and ripping the breeks off a trainer who was trying to shackle him, to the crowd's delight. Some jumbo, Tusko.

Pagliacci is no operatic legend; time is not always kind to the ring's merry jesters. In old age the Great Sabatini, who had earned £100 a week and starred on circus posters in London, the European capitals and South America, was glad to pick up pence as a West End busker entertaining theatre queues with neat little juggling tricks left over from his ring days. He would collect sticks to make a fire for himself in his cheap Soho room, stuff the draughty cracks with newspaper. The war blackout was a blow to him, for he could not juggle in the dark. But always he remained proud—proud of having made millions laugh—and so lovable in his solitude that his fellow-buskers called him "Pop." That, too, is part of the drama of the sawdust ring, though it takes place in the shadows, far from the glare of the arcs.

END

An Ear For Music

(*Continued from page* 12)

And in the restaurant with its checked cloths and reek of foul cigars a warm excited feeling would take hold of them. He would ruin the tablecloth with sketches of lurid cars; kiss the Padrone's wife on both cheeks; crack jokes in vile Italian with the other diners; and pound the piano until the waiter had cleared every table and piled up all the chairs except the one he was sitting on . . .

"I'm leaving that song with you, Jill," he had said that last night. "If it should come to anything—and you never know!—let Aunt Margaret have the royalties."

"Don't talk like that, Ned," she said sharply. "You're coming back. Old composers never die," she added with a laugh that didn't sound genuine.

That was the night he had kissed her for the first and last time.

"I'll write you a letter all about the glamour of the Orient," he had said as he handed her the sheets of music. "I'm a lucky bloke, you know, Jill. While I'm sunbathing on some tropic isle you'll be driving through bombs and trying to sell my song in between air raids."

She looked at her watch. Yes, something must have happened to Benny. She would have to wear the red dress. Maybe, if she hustled, there might be time to iron it over. Funny how Benny always bobbed up at times of crisis, rather like a Greek chorus in one of those classic tragedies.

It was Benny who saved her from going crazy when Ned was reported "Missing" at Singapore. How often she must have bored him by talking about Ned, whom he'd never met, and playing that tune over and over to him as if each note was Ned's voice and the little scurry at the end the echo of his laugh.

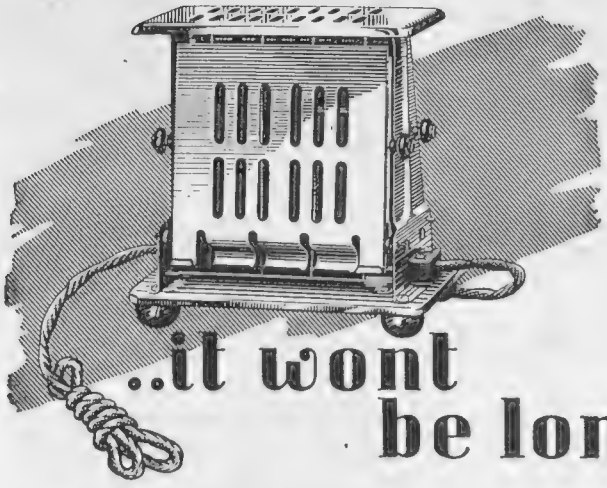
Somehow, one went on living, even when her last link with Ned was blown-up by a bomb that hit Mrs. Gorman's house before she could get down to the cellar. No, not quite the last link. There was still the song. She had balked at the very end when a publisher in Tin Pan Alley had offered to buy it. She felt better when the sheets of music were back on her piano. In a few months, perhaps weeks, it would have been plugged to death on the radio, and stale as an old gramophone record by the time Ned got back.

No, if it was as good as the song publisher said, far better to leave it on ice. It would be a thrill for Ned to hear it on the air for the first time before it was whistled away by the errand boys. So she had kept it to herself, selfishly perhaps, and only she and Benny had every note of it by heart.

Strange how life twists the strands. It was Ned, in a way, who had brought her and Jeff together. She had heard at a sherry party that he was "a big pot" at the War Office. It wasn't difficult to corner him; he had been looking at her for some time with eyes that were frankly appreciative without somehow being offensive.

"Lance-corporal Clayton . . . Gunner . . . Missing at Singapore . . . ." Jeff had murmured. "It's most irregular, of course, but I'll make some cautious inquiries. I've a good friend in the Red Cross."

There was little comfort in what he had to report. Thousands of men had been sucked into the unknown by the Japs. He did not tell her that, from (*Continued on page* 54)



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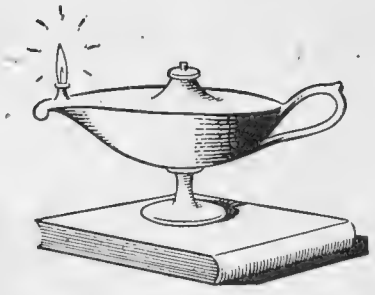
IT may be some little time yet before dresses and lingerie made from Courtaulds rayons are back in the shops in pre-1939 abundance. All the same we would remind those who were buying in the days of plenty to pass on to their younger sisters the advantages of thinking in terms of serviceable loveliness, which the "Tested Quality" mark ensures.



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The wise doctor of today is no "medicine man": he readily admits that medical science has a lot to learn about nerves and nerve strain. But whatever new discoveries the future may hold, one truth is unassailable: nerves need adequate supplies of organic phosphorus and protein. In other words they need 'Sanatogen' Nerve Tonic, for only in 'Sanatogen' can be found organic phosphorus and protein in chemical combination.

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what he had heard of some of the prison camps in Malaya, her Corporal was better off dead . . . Well, the war was finished and over the radio, day after day, came the voices of men who still could not believe they were on their way back to England. Yet from Ned there was no word.

The phone bell jangled so suddenly that she jumped. She picked up the receiver and Benny's throaty voice drifted over.

"Sorry about the dress, Miss Mercer," he said quickly. "It's ready but I got nobody to send it with. Rush on at the shop. I'm ringing from the chemist's across the road. Listen, could you pick it up?"

"Look here," she said with irritation. "I told you it was a special occasion, didn't I? Why didn't you ring sooner?"

"Well, the dress is ready," he cut in. "It looks pretty good. Why not get a cab and slip over, just to help me out?"

"All right," she said, and hung up.

Luckily, she managed to pick up a taxi and the cab crunched to a sudden halt outside Benny's shop almost before she had powdered her nose.

Benny laughed delightedly when she walked in. "Shan't be a minute," he said.

"When am I going to get my damned trousers?" yelled someone from the curtained recess that Benny used for a changing-room. The voice was followed by a tall, rangy young man wearing a battle-dress tunic. A towel billowed round his legs. He walked over to the counter and bunched a fist under Benny's nose.

"This is supposed to be a 'While You Wait' business," he shouted. "Well, I've waited over an hour for my trousers, and I want 'em, pressed or unpressed. Do you hear?" It was then that he caught sight of Jill.

"It can't be . . ." he muttered. Jill was trying to say something but it was difficult with his mouth on hers and butterflies chasing each other round her stomach.

"Your trousers are ready, sir," said Benny in the tone of a stage butler. "And your dress, madam."

Suddenly, she felt as if she'd stepped into an ice-cold bath.

"Ned, darling," she blurted, "ring me up in the morning. I've got a date to-night."

For answer, he kissed her hard on the mouth. "You had a date," he corrected firmly. "This is my first night back. We're going to a little spot in Soho. Ravioli," he added with a grin.

She looked helplessly at Benny, but his left eye closed in a slow wink as he handed Ned his trousers.

"Sorry to have been so long," he said.

Ned grabbed the trousers. "Think nothing of it," he said, snapping his fingers in the old way. "I'm darned glad you were."

When the taxi had turned the corner, Benny switched off the lights in the shop.

"You know, Harry," he remarked to his assistant, "I'm glad I've got an ear for music. When the Corporal began whistling that tune behind the curtain I made up my mind he'd just have to wait for his trousers." With which strange remark he said "good-night" to Harry and walked chirpily down the street humming a tune that had not yet been published.

END

An Ear For Music

Scavengers Of The Sea

(*Continued from page 24*)

whales, the whale shark does not appear to have realized that man's ships are things to be avoided. As a result some remarkable collisions have occurred between whale sharks and ships.

Many accounts have been given of such collisions. Typical of these is the following by Captain Klebeingat of the ship *Navigator*. The Captain says: "The vessel was struck on the starboard side by an immense shark. The wheel was wrenched out of the hands of the steersman. The tail of the fish rose eight feet above the water-line. The engine stopped as the fish struck the propeller. The shark, distinctly seen when it went astern, was of a mottled colour, and at least thirty to thirty-five feet long. After going into dry dock, it was found that considerable damage had been done to the hull and rudder of the ship.

In strong contrast to the sluggish whale shark is the mako shark which is one of the foremost game fish in the sea. Its torpedo-shaped body measures ten feet or more in length and large specimens have been known which tipped the scales at over 600 lb. One that "got away," evidently the grandfather of all makos, was believed to weigh half a ton.

But it is not for its size but for its agility that the mako shark is famous. Its underwater speed probably reaches thirty knots in short bursts and when it makes a leap out of the sea it may sail twenty feet into the air before crashing down on to the surface.

The late Zane Grey, who was renowned as a big-game fisherman as well as a writer of thrillers of the Wild West, says he has photographic proof that one mako reached a height of thirty feet during a great leap from the depths.

Two of the strangest shaped fish in the sea are the hammer-head and thresher sharks. The hammer-head is one of the largest sharks (although not comparable to the basking and whale sharks), growing to nearly twenty feet in length and weighing 1,500 lb. But its head is its most distinguished characteristic. This is prolonged into two great lobes which project sideways for a total length of over four feet in the largest specimens. The eyes are set at the extreme edges of the head and in this respect make the shark look like a grotesque range finder.

In the thresher-shark the upper lobe of the tail is greatly prolonged and in full-grown specimens is as long as the whole body of the fish. This extremely long tail is sometimes used to herd small fish into a compact mass and thus render them easy prey. Two threshers have thus been observed driving shoals of fish together.

Are sharks man-eaters? There have been many lurid accounts published of attacks on bathers, seamen who have fallen overboard, shipwrecked mariners and others which would leave the casual reader in no doubt that every shark is a man-eater and to be helpless in shark-infested waters was equivalent to one's death warrant.

What are the facts? There is undoubtedly much evidence that some sharks will on occasion attack men. One of the worst tragedies of the sea-war just ended occurred in this way. A shipload of Italian prisoners was off the coast of Madagascar when a German torpedo ripped the vessel open. Sharks attracted by the smell of blood from wounded men struggling in the water rushed to the scene and a great many lives were lost by attacks from the sharks.

Again, on the Australian beaches tragedy has often stalked among the pleasure-seekers when one of their number has been attacked by a shark and only the remains of a badly mangled corpse (if so much as that is recovered) is left to show that sharks have struck again.

But to take the above as a fair overall picture of the relationship between sharks and men would give a distorted result. In the first place the shark has been blamed for attacks on men which have actually been made by the large barracuda, a fish more feared by far than the shark to those who know the habits of the two fishes. At first glance it might look like a shark but when the bite it gives is examined experts can tell the barracuda is really to blame.

Moreover, there is evidence which suggests that of the potentially man-eating sharks only those which are very hungry and/or have been inflamed by the smell of blood will normally attack. Many sharks appear to be rather nervous creatures and a sudden splashing by a man struggling in the water suffices to make them keep their distance.

END

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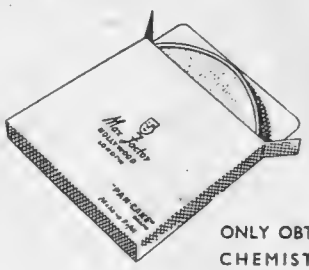

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Murder à la Mode

(*Continued from page 15*)

forth into his new world, when across the fields, at two o'clock in the morning, came two young men, homeward bound from a late party in the neighbouring town; and they saw the small figure moving down the road, away from the flaming car.

The police, apprised, naturally suspected a crime. The corpse was closely examined. A description of the car owner was secured. It was checked with the corpse detail, and found wanting. It was also flashed to all police stations. From that moment, Rouse was lost. But whom had he killed? No one knows. That was the beautiful central idea which Rouse's mind must have fondled with something like creative ecstasy.

For it is one thing to kill a homeless vagrant, moving along the roads from somewhere to somewhere else, and quite another to murder and hide someone with relatives, friends, employers, a social circle—someone who will be missed, and about whom awkward questions will be asked. Intelligent murderers recognize this and try to fill the gap in the plot pattern. Few show much resource.

"She's gone away—a long visit," said Crippen to Belle's friends. It was an error, for two of Belle's friends became aware that her clothes remained behind. Now a woman doesn't go off, as a man might, in just the clothes she's wearing at the time. Or does she? They put the question to the police, who also thought Belle's behaviour quaint enough to bear some quiet inquiry and investigation. And so a long radio arm reached across the Atlantic—the first time radio had been used in a crime hunt—and hauled the bespectacled chemist back from the rim of the New World. He was required to explain certain relics disinterred from their quicklime grave under the floor of his house cellar. But for those two friends interested in Belle's clothes, Crippen might have lived happily ever after with his new young wife in America.

Mahon arranged things better. He and his mistress would start a new life in New Zealand. He got the girl to spread among her friends the story of a long trip, while warning her never to breathe a word connecting it with him, since he was leaving wife and children, and they naturally didn't want wife or police on their track. Unfortunately he went to Plumpton races after killing Miss Kaye. And a friend saw him there and told his wife, who imagined him to be away on a business trip. She suspected him of an affair with another woman, and went through his pockets. Finding a cloak-room ticket, she handed it to a friend who had been in the railway police. She thought she might find proof of his unfaithfulness in his suitcase. Instead, it yielded a bloodstained mass of murder evidence.

But for this improbable chain of episodes, Mahon might have completed the dispersal and disposal of his mistress's body (the most incriminating portion, the skull, never was found). For nobody missed Miss Kaye. She had laid the trail away from herself and her murderer too thoroughly with her hints of a lover and romance awaiting overseas.

Mahon was not the inventor of the cut-up-the-body-and-strew-the-remains technique. That mode seems to have originated with Greenacre and Sarah Gale, who murdered Hannah Brown and distributed pieces of her over a radius of twenty-one miles. It was not enough; but although they failed, their basic method was all the rage in the twenties and thirties. Motorization and railway travel helped: the murderer could range further. A coloured doctor named Ruxton started dropping fragments of his murdered wife two hundred miles away.

POISON murders seem to have fashion curves of their own. Strychnine continually turned up in murder cases, after Palmer inadvertently publicized it; but a later tightening of the law governing sale of poisons—this one could be easily bought as a vermin-killer—caused it to fall out of favour.

Arsenic then became the mode, and there was a time when, any time a murder by poison was reported at the Yard, the chief pathologist would sigh: "Ah, arsenic, I presume!" It seemed so easy to fool the doctors with arsenic. Three members of a Croydon family were buried under natural-causes death certificates, only to be exhumed later and proved to have been poisoned with arsenic—by whom administered, remains a mystery.

Arsenic became demode after 1936, when the Poisons Board and the Home Office tightened the regulations governing sale of arsenical preparations. This must have upset potential women murderers, who ordinarily use poison.

Meantime, while motives remain static—men and women kill for revenge, for money, in fear, or to solve a problem in living—science and machines keep the technique of murder-hunting dynamic; and once a murderer is pin-pointed, it becomes increasingly difficult for him to escape or go free for lack of evidence. A tooth or a scrap of scarred skin will identify a body; a grain of dust in a trouser fold, a microscopic scrap of dirt pared from a finger-nail, a laundry mark on a handkerchief, a trace of soot or its absence in a wind-pipe, the tiniest thing will betray and convict the guilty one.

It's perhaps for these reasons that, despite changing fashions, the murder curve has declined since the beginning of the century from 2 to 1.2 per million of Britain's population; and that while you stand a 1-in-7,000 chance of meeting an untimely end in a road traffic accident, and a 1-in-6,000 chance of being killed in a home-and-everyday-pursuits accident, your chances of meeting a murderer round the corner of tomorrow, and dying at his hands, are only 1 in 700,000.

So you need lose no sleep thinking that the grim things you read in the newspapers might very well happen to you.

END

All good shoes need a 'NUGGET' shine for extra smartness.

In Black, Brown

& Dark Brown

SUPREME for QUALITY

MILS

Celebrated Meals of History

(*Continued from page 13*)

crises of our times. Only too clearly may we recreate such a dressing-room exchange as this, the morning after:

F.M.: "What did I tell old Fruity-face he could have . . . you remember . . . when we broached that 1811?"

P.P.S.: "He already has a communiqué out, sir, thanking you for the handsome way in which you recognized the justice of the Neurotanian case all along the line. Specifically . . ."

F.M.: "The scoundrel! Twisting a fellow's words like that! *And* after we'd got to be such good friends!"

(Dictates Denial)

Sometimes it is not the Minister seduced into generosity (or sense) by the table and after, who heaves the spanner in the works, but a more rarefied personage—as a President Poincaré after Briand and Lloyd George had agreed as between true Celts over a sunlit *vin rosé du Bellet* on the luncheon terrace of Cannes Golf Links. The agreement was momentous, nothing less than to beckon the Bolsheviks back into civilization's fold, and a meeting place was set—Rapallo. But Poincaré up in Paris, one of the few Frenchmen for whom gastronomy was a vice, came down like a ton of lemons on the vinous entente, and not only at once broke Briand, but, later, the Rapallo Conference.

I know, too, from personal experience, that the best, if not the only way, of approaching Clemenceau was after he had had his meal of onion soup and hard-boiled eggs. The pair gave relative health in longevity, held the "Tiger," and seldom did he depart from them on his American tour, unless it were to roll on the tongue Florida terrapin directed to our special train (*Continued on page 58*)

Looking Ahead

The Main Line Railways' post-war plans include the introduction of the latest scientific improvements in new locomotives and in reconditioning existing engines. Passenger rolling stock will include new designs with bright colours, new fabrics, plastics and other materials. The finest railway service in the world will be offered to the British public as soon as materials and manpower permit.

GWR · LMS · LNER · SR

I never looked back

since I opened a banking account. It helps me to budget wisely and save regularly. I don't worry so much about losing receipts as I can always check payments by my bank statement. I understand far more about financial matters now . . . a bank helps you a lot with them.

I've certainly got more money sense since I opened a banking account. Why don't you see the local Manager about it?

WESTMINSTER BANK
LIMITED

H 1

Skin Beauty

. . . is the reward of constant simple care of the complexion. Anne French Cleansing Milk is so finely emulsified that it penetrates into every tiny pore, searching out all the deep-seated impurities—the cause of many skin blemishes. You can ensure a smooth, clear complexion by following this simple routine every time you make up your face.

★ Thoroughly deep cleanse the skin pores by firm upward and outward strokes with cotton wool soaked in Anne French Cleansing Milk.

★★ Remove surplus milk with dry cotton wool. Then wash in *luke-warm* water. Dry on soft towel.

★★★ Now make up—using Anne French Cleansing Milk as a powder base if you like. During the day, when using it as a skin freshener, you need not wash your face.

Anne French CLEANSING MILK

I MUST SHARE THE BLAME FOR SHORT SUPPLIES. My insistence on limiting supplies to the available quantities of the fine ingredients that have always gone to the making of 'Anne French' Cleansing Milk, means it is rather more difficult to get than usual; but I know you'll agree—for your skin's sake—it's worth searching for. Price 2/6d. including Purchase Tax.

2/5 OLD BOND STREET, LONDON W.1

"What a lovely polish!"

"Yes, and the beauty of it is You can MINit in half a MINute"

MIN CREAM

FOR ALL HIGHLY POLISHED FURNITURE

Use sparingly—still in short supply

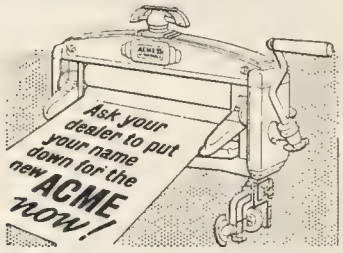
Chiswick Products Ltd., London, W.4

M/GT

It's like a Fairy-tale come true—

Back in my own home at last. All ready for the moment when I can get an Acme, and have best-on-the-line washes. Heavy things, fragile things, when they go through an Acme they come out clean and sweet. And all so easy. No wear and tear on the clothes, and no wear or tear on the housewife either!

And now the waiting time is nearly over. Soon you will see the Acme on sale again—a brand new model, in every respect as wonderful as pre-war. Don't miss the opportunity! The Acme will be here SOON—see that you have arranged to have one of your own at the first possible minute.



NOT
It's NEW
It's different
It's TATTOO

Tattoo. Ltd.

Its bewitching South Seas glamour is the same today as before the war—because the ingredients are the same. Tattoo! . . . loveliest of lipsticks. Put it on . . . let it set . . . wipe it off. Its gorgeous redness stays all day . . . no greasy coating . . . just sheer, transparent, tantalising Tattoo!

7/6 (Refills 5/-) both including Purchase Tax.
4/1½ (Refills 2/6) both including Purchase Tax.

by Barney Baruch. Incidentally, the dietary of onions, whose soporific qualities are familiar, sent Clemenceau more soundly to sleep than any senility at the 1919 Paris afternoon sessions of the "Big Three," when decisions would be taken across a slumbering "Tiger," which later drew forth roars of dissent.

A CLASSIC instance of stomachic crisis at the highest level was that which blighted the coming together of Poincaré, Curzon and Mussolini, at Lausanne, in 1923. Each stood on his dignity as to time and place of arrival. But Musso stood the longest. After Curzon had waited all day, purpling with choler, it was the turn of Poincaré, who saw the time for his prestige "arrival" banquet slip by—and no Duce. Finally the new Dictator pulled in twelve hours after expected, but in excellent time to express profound chagrin at the collapse of the French feast—and to invite the delegations to dine at the Angleterre at 10 p.m., in accordance with the late Italian custom.

The choicest native dishes were served, from Parma ham to Zabaglione, yet eye-witnesses told how it was the sultriest of all official banquets; that the procession of Italian specialities made things worse as Poincaré and Curzon ruminated over the gastronomic trap into which they had been inveigled. Their gastric juices drying up (as they do in times of nervous tension), the two stared cold anger at their host, himself in high spirits at the successful sabotage, and the conference was foredoomed.

The foregoing shows how the "climate" of a diplomatic meal at highest level needs to be prepared no less painstakingly than the culinary side. None knew this better than the Nazis, who pulled some of their longest and thickest wool over the eyes of intended victims at sumptuous repasts at Berlin's Horcher and Kaiserhof, whose hosts appeared as the finest bunch of fellows in creation.

I have special reason for mentioning the fine-repast-as-snare because the stomach crisis that has now obviously developed at the highest level, seems to have originated in British suspicion that the astounding marathon banquets at the Kremlin, and, indeed, anywhere the Russians had the giving, had more in them than met the palate.

These Muscovites were used to midnight gorging and could hold lashings of their own strong waters and still maintain a discretion bathed in mirth. But what of westerners with radically different methods and hours of tickling their gastric juices? Could they be equally relied upon not to give anything away? Could they expect to conserve cool, 10 a.m., Whitehall perspicacity and judgment after thirty-six different toasts—and no heel taps? Were these gargantuan occasions a sly Slav way of impressing what great sports top level Russians were, conditioning their guests towards accepting the next lot of Russian claims and demands impending, and of getting Britons to unseal their lips under the influence of early morning?

Recollect how those eight scientists, some on the Atom Bomb, were not allowed to leave Britain for Russia last spring. Recollect how Monty chilled Zhukov at their first Berlin

Celebrated Meals of History

meeting by declining to stay on for the usual colossal banquet.

I motored to Berlin latterly with a Naafi sergeant-major who had had the arranging of our three menus for the Potsdam Conference (the Americans and Russians likewise gave three blow-outs and the sequence proved the last cheese straw) and he confirmed that all was not well on the gastronomic side; how, in particular, Monty had walked out of one of his own blow-outs without giving the sideboard a glance, and leaving Zhukov and Eisenhower to take two helpings of most things. And what a sideboard! Though why in heck it had to be flown from London—lobster, butter, eggs, oysters, meat, salads and creams—when near-by Copenhagen had them all, better and cheaper, my sergeant-major couldn't fathom.

Of all the crazy notions, though, to switch to five-bob austerity menus! I do beg Caterer Bevin to think again; nay, what a chance the man has to re-establish the once famed repute of English cooking! Does he remember what a King of Portugal said to a King of England? Asked the latter: "And what strikes you most in my Realm?" "Your roast beef is excellent," came answer prompt and sure. "And what after that?" inquired the English Majesty slightly taken aback. "Your boiled beef is almost as good."

So it still can be to-day. What is more, I have a friend, Ambrose Heath, who should be appointed AGFO before the rot is allowed to go too far. Ambrose, whose kitchen talks will be recalled, is second to none in his enthusiasm to reinstate the food of our fathers—I recollect only one other to match him, and he was Léon Daudet, one of the five greatest French gourmets of his day. Daudet once told me how he used to make special trips to England to eat in the Strand, and how he sometimes would take over his boy Philippe—later murdered by Paris police narks—to introduce him to our fish first, then to our joints and vegetables. When patiently and lovingly cooked, said Léon, their savour won against all nations.

But to return to Ambrose. The reason he is peculiarly suited to the post of Adviser on Gastronomics to the Foreign Office is this: While he would present English fare as it should be presented, he has a wide and tried acquaintance with the cuisines of foreign peoples and so could be relied upon to insert a pretty culinary compliment to suit a particular international situation or guest.

Pending the appointment, I give Sergeant-Major Pierce's choice of a typical English menu to set before such Big Fry as, next and self-sacrificingly, risk their gastric juices among us:

Mutton Broth
Salmon with Butter Sauce
Roast Saddle of Lamb
Grilled Peas and Tomatoes
Roast Potatoes
Roast Pheasant, Bread Sauce
Crisps, Salad
Strawberry Shortcake
Stilton

END

Books (*Continued from page 41*)

sales in Dublin because of her intelligent head, and the beautiful lines of her body, that promised such great things for the future.

It tells how she was taken back to the West and how she won races for her owner so that his fortunes were recovered and his great house was rebuilt and he married the lady.

I entreat you not to miss this, simple, lovely book.

THE next book in this month's batch is "Wind Aloft, Wind Alow." by Marin-Marie (Peter Davies, 16s.).

Monsieur Marin-Marie is the only man who has crossed the Atlantic single-handed both under sail and in a power-boat.

This book, which is profusely illustrated with excellent paintings and drawings by the author and with photographs, tells the exhilarating story of these trips, and much more besides which is of no less interest. It is a book to read and re-read.

"THAT Reminds Me," by Winifred Graham (Skeffington & Co., 12s. 6d.), is the personal story of a widely travelled and witty observer. Miss Graham's selective mind is delineated by a virile pen and every page of her autobiography is stimulating.

What a good thing it is for us that she broke her vow never to write her life's story (she records that she frequently called biographies "reminuisances" !) for this book will charm and delight the author's many admirers.

Winifred Graham has given the world seventy-seven novels in addition to two books of transcribed letters from her father in the Spirit World. And (*Continued on page 61*)

To Imperial Spain Columbus brought the wealth of the New World
but even Ferdinand and Isabella could command no luxury to compare with
IMPERIAL LEATHER
TOILET SOAPS

Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER.

JAEGER

JAEGER HOUSE, 204 REGENT STREET, LONDON, W.1. OR GO TO YOUR NEAREST JAEGER

now her memoirs—perhaps the most interesting of all.

THANK you, Shamus Fraser, for your delicious "Blow, Blow Your Trumpets" (Chapman & Hall, 9s. 6d.).

This impudently facile reconstruction of town and country life prior to the Flood is the grandest piece of foolery since Frank Anstey.

Those who have only envisaged Noah and his family as an insistently earnest collection of Clydeside types, are here introduced to an exceedingly human and entertaining set of people.

The background is a parody of modern times. Hellish magic is the substitute for science and machinery. Noah does not ride in a motor car, but is steered through the streets by a chauffeur on a carpet which buckets about in magical locomotion. When Noah's niece, Timna, goes to the cinema she does not see a celluloid show, but something equally diverting. Public facilities and administration are full of surprises.

"Blow, Blow Your Trumpets" is a tonic for a sick world.

"WHEN All is Done," by Alison Uttley (Faber & Faber, 8s. 6d.), is a very different type of book, but of its kind no less commendable. It too provides escapism.

Here is a serene little story, beautifully written and characterized by an abiding sincerity. It is a story of country life and the principal character is an old house, a small farmhouse where generations have lived and died.

The story ranges over several generations, but the dominant figure is old Charity Dale, the grandmother of the present generation. She is herself a piece of the countryside, one with the house whose spirit broods over the family in all its joys and sorrows.

LASTLY, we come to the latest book from the busy pen of John Paddy Carstairs. "Magical Was The Moment" is its title and Hurst & Blackett, who publish it at 8s. 6d., hail it as "another step forward in this young author's successful career."

The story revolves around the adventures

Books

of four R.A.F. men who have returned from the fighting and every word bears the stamp of authenticity.

How is society to absorb and look after the schoolboys who saved the world by their self-sacrificing war services and have returned, now, as vocationless men?

Mr. Carstairs presents their plight with sympathetic insight and throughout with uncannily natural dialogue and dead-true characterization.

HERE is a list of other books which will repay the attention of readers :—

"The Blue Hare and Two Other Stories," by M. Prishvin. Translated from Russian by David C. Moore (Hutchinson's Books for Young People, 3s. 6d.). The stories are interesting, easily understood, and all charmingly illustrated in colour throughout by C. Gifford Ambler.

"Airman of the Amazon," by Frederic Nelson Litten (Hutchinson's Books for Young People, 6s.). Older boys are sure to enjoy this tale, for it is exciting adventure combined with a sound and accurate knowledge of flying.

"Fog Bound," by Hawthorne Daniel (Hutchinson's Books for Young People, 6s.). With the waterfront of New York for a background, the author has written a colourful tale full of mystery and adventure, well calculated to appeal to every boy.

"The Glory That Is Greece," by Philip Paneth (Alliance Press, 8s. 6d.). Indispensable to all those interested in the gallant fight of our Greek Allies.

"Vintage-Wise," by André L. Simon (Michael Joseph, 10s. 6d.). Into this book the author has compressed the wisdom and knowledge of vast experience. It is the one volume compendium of wine that so many have been awaiting.

"The Adventure of the Blue Room," by Sydney Fowler (Rich and Cowan, 8s. 6d.). A story of political intrigue and breathless adventure, under the shadow of impending war.

END

On Duty—and Off (*Continued from page 29*)

special neck treatment course for £3 15 0 or 15s. for a single treatment. The same prices are charged for special eye treatment and also for hand treatment which includes both hands and arms. The facials cost a guinea for an hour, or 12s. 6d. for half an hour. A course of six one-hour treatments is 5 guineas. Slimming treatment costs 5 guineas for a course of six, or 1 guinea for a single treatment.

There is a beauty parlour in Bond Street where they specialize in half-hour facials which include massage and make-up and cost only 3s. 6d. When you have a special appointment to keep and want to wear your best party face, this beauty parlour is invaluable. They also give an excellent tired-eye treatment for 4s. 6d. face and neck treatment for 7s. 6d.

Stocks of well-known cosmetics are still depressingly low, and there is a great shortage of jars, bottles and containers. However, I do know of a well-known manufacturer who still has a large stock of preparations and has even produced two new lipstick shades. One is called Azalea, which has been especially designed to wear with pastel shades and looks superb with sequins. This lipstick has a bluish-mauve undertone. The other is called Evening, and is a deep burgundy shade. Both cost 4s. 8d.—refills 2s. 8d. Other shades in this range include Chelsea Rose, Flamingo, Garnet, Amethyst, and Exotic. There are three shades of compact rouge—Blonde, Brunette and Tahiti which cost 3s. 4d., and a cream rouge in three shades—Chelsea Rose, Flamingo and Exotic, at the same price

You can also get a good range of creams and lotions. Vanishing cream is 2s. 6d. Cleansing cream and orange cream and foundation cream are all 4s. There is a fine cold cream at 2s. For women whose complexions are allergic to heavy foundation creams, there is an excellent almond complexion milk, price 4s.

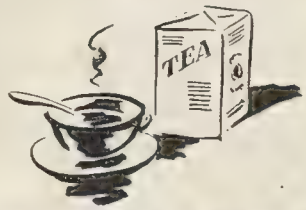
ELIZABETH ARDEN has permanent assistants who give treatments at Jenners, Edinburgh; Marshall & Snelgrove in Birmingham, and in Leeds; Kendal Milne Ltd., in Manchester; Bon Marche, Liverpool; Brown's, Chester; Elliston's and Cavell's in Oxford. The charges are as follows: Single muscle strapping treatment, 17s. 6d., a course of six for £4 7 6; single masque treatment, 25s. and 6 guineas for a course of six; single Firmolift treatment is 30s. and £7 10 0 for a course of six treatments; a single neck and arm treatment costs 17s. 6d., and the course of six is £4 7 0; hair eradication on the lip costs 5s. 6d., and on lip and chin, 9s.

CYCLAX also have permanent assistants at Jenners, Edinburgh; Daly & Son Ltd., Glasgow; Marshall & Snelgrove, Birmingham. A travelling representative visits the following places approximately once a month: Draffen & Jarvie Ltd., Dundee; James McEwen & Co., Perth; Kendal Milne Ltd., Manchester; Binns Ltd., Carlisle; Adderleys Ltd., Leicester; Badcocks Ltd., Oxford. Costs are as follows: 3-R's treatment, 10s. 6d. and £2 18 0 for a course of six; ¾-hour treatment, 15s. and £4 for a course of six; a 1-hour treatment is a guinea, and the course of six is 5 guineas; mask and toning treatment, 25s., course of six 6 guineas; neck and back massage, 15s., course of six £4; wax depilatory treatment on upper lip, 4s. 6d.; lip and chin, 7s. 6d.; legs, 30s. to £3; arms, 15s.

END

When
"Golden Shred"
reappears upon the breakfast table you will know that
The World's Best Marmalade
is being made again Until then the Marmalade to buy is
J.R.

James Robertson & Sons (P.M.) Ltd.
Golden Shred Works
London, Paisley, Manchester, Bristol.



BLENDING?

Just as with tea, so with wool. The wool that goes into high-class Blankets is carefully blended to ensure a Super-quality mixture which gives softness, strength and warmth.

That is the way with "MODERNA" Blankets, which we are now preparing to make for post-war homes.

They will be guaranteed 5 Ways, 5 Years. They will be Fadeless, Odourless, Mothproof, Unshrinkable and all Pure Lamb's Wool. They will be in the newest of pastel shades, or white with coloured borders.

Just as soon as new conditions permit, you will be able to buy them in all the best Stores.

MODERNA

Blankets for Post-War Homes

THOMAS RATCLIFFE AND CO., LTD.
MYTHOLMROYD, YORKS

LITTLE FOLK THRIVE ON...

The "Good Morning" Breakfast!

● WELGAR SHREDDED WHEAT provides a firm foundation for their day's activities. This crisp, appetising wholewheat food contains the body-building and warmth-giving elements so necessary for health and vitality. Obtainable at 8d. the large packet—3 points.

WELGAR
(REGISTERED TRADE MARK)
SHREDDED WHEAT

Made by The Shredded Wheat Co. Ltd.
WELwyn GARden City, Herts

ENDURING BEAUTY
results from the constant use of
Personality
TURTLE OIL SOAP
....thanks to its natural oils

More than a Soap—a Beauty Treatment
It's perfect for Baby
From Britain's nicest shops
1/10 PER TABLET 2 COUPONS
PERSONALITY BEAUTY PRODUCTS LTD. ASHBY-DE-LA-ZOUCH

An End To The Trouble

(*Continued from page 32*)

A familiar roar made him jerk his head. Poo Gow was rearing up, straining at the chains, scattering the natives; and his fury was quickly upsetting the working elephants. Work was at a standstill, while men looked for cover in case he got loose.

Suddenly Poo Gow calmed down; the chains held.

Wilthew was standing beside Kent. "Why don't you put a ring through his ear—somewhere where it hurts. That's what they do in Hollywood."

"I would if this was Hollywood."

"Can't you beat him then?"

The Australian could have explained; he didn't bother. He went back to checking the river level. It was up four inches only: and this three days since the heavy rains in the north. For a moment the horrible idea held his mind that the stream might have made a new bed—that there might be no flood after all.

Once again he tried to smother his irritation with hard work, arranging the stacking of the logs nearer and nearer the river's edge—for the flood that mightn't come.

Wilthew came out to him, suggesting apologetically that they might stay overnight because of the sick man's condition.

"You'd do better to get him over to Ra Sua Keng—there's a doctor there. Why three of you, anyway?"

"Just a couple I picked up in Bangkok. They reckoned they knew the jungle."

"They're not Americans?"

"No."

"Well, you can stay. But no more talk about this San Francisco farce."

Wilthew agreed, grinning for a second or two; and he kept his word. Over the midday meal his questions and comments were all about teak: why it was so valuable; how it took four years to float down to the sea; how it spent three years in dying before it was felled; why nails and screws never rusted in teak; and why Kent stuck at a job like this.

There being still no sign that the flood was coming, Kent collected both the Burmese for his overdue "girdling" trip into the jungle. He told Wilthew he'd not be back before five o'clock.

He talked to the old mahout before he left

"Lord," said Luang Bon, "I remember that in the old days Poo Gow was a friend of Poo Loi."

"Oh? But will Poo Gow remember?" It was a jungle adage that elephant-men had better memories than elephants.

"We could see: Poo Loi is working at Mae Min. If we would bring Poo Loi——"

"But Poo Loi is needed so much for felling."

It was maddening, the continual decisions, the everlasting problems. Indulge an elephant's whim—and lose another's work.

"All right," he said at last. "Tell Fang Naka you are to have Poo Loi for one day."

It took half an hour by pony to reach the jungle area next scheduled for "girdling." The trees had already been marked by the Forest Department, and now he fought through the grasses, seeking the numbered trunks, measuring the girth with his tape-measure.

He only measured three, then sat down on a rock and addressed himself to the two Burmese.

"These men," he said, "have come 3,000 miles to make me go to America. Other men came for me long ago. The other men threatened me. They tried to blackmail me. They tried everything. They *wouldn't* leave me alone."

The olive-skinned faces remained expressionless. They waited.

"Now these men—I say 'no' to them very rudely—and they say nothing—they do nothing. I have information they are all Americans, but the one who talks says they are not." He took out his knife to slice a few oncoming leeches. "And then—one is very sick—but they give him no quinine—they never even ask me to take his temperature. It's time," Kent said, "it's time we went back: a little earlier than we thought."

They went back out of the jungle.

Nearing the compound, he dismissed the Burmese, left the track, and made for the bungalow by the back, climbing silently over the compound railings. There was only one small window in the back wall, but it showed the inside of the living-room.

Kent peered within.

Wilthew was sitting exactly as he'd left him, staring out of the door at the Siamese and Laos at work by the river. There was no sign of the face-wiping Moulter. But the sick man—the sick man Reiner was walking slowly about in a corner of the room not visible from the door. He was smoking. Now and then he was speaking to Wilthew. His walk suggested he was stretching his legs.

Kent watched as long as the mosquitoes allowed it; then he stepped away and got back to the jungle path. From there he hailed the headman of the river party, to make his presence known.

The headman came running, shouting. "Water! Water! The flood is coming at last, master!"

Swiftly Kent got down to his level-gauges: nine inches up! He'd get his timber away, then! At last, British teak would float again, down to the mills!

A glance down-river showed him how the workers were responding to the news. Elephants and men, all were ready. It was with something like exhilaration that Kent made for the bungalow.

The sick man was lying on the bed, eyes apparently still glazed, his face pallid and damp. An interesting trick.

"Where's your other friend?" Kent asked Wilthew.

"Search me: he went to watch your elephants I think."

Wilthew stretched, hands clasped behind his neck, and spoke quite slowly.

"Maybe I should've come clean with you, Mister Kent, before this. But—well, I really thought the idea of 35,000 bucks would have talked loud enough to you. But if it doesn't—listen. You know a certain Miss Evelyn Jennings, I believe."

"Well?"

"She left Bangkok nine days ago—for America."

Instinctively Kent felt for her note—written in Bangkok the day before. He said nothing.

"Yes," Wilthew continued widely, "she has more sense about money than you have. I came over with a lady agent of ours, and she managed to persuade your friend to go with her. The idea is of course—if you *refused* to come—at least we have somebody to testify *for* you." He was pulling the lobe of his ear, thoughtfully: "I'm sorry it was a bit high-handed of us, but of course she'll be well paid—and well protected. Now really, Mister Kent, does that not make you feel a little more like coming with us—to spend a swell holiday over there with your fiancée, and to collect that thirty-five grand. As nice a little redhead as ever I saw," he concluded, dreamily.

He sat up, smiling with thin, pale lips, and faced the teak man at last.

"You look hot. Have a drink—and this one's on me!"

He brought out a bottle from his hip, and knocked aside the Lao wrought-brass ornaments to get hold of the glasses.

"In a minute," Kent said.

He walked out, over to the stacking-gang, to ask the headman where the white master had gone. The Lao pointed to the track that led down-river, and stated that the white master had gone alone, without coolies.

Kent told him to send three men after the white master at once, to bring him back.

"If he will not come, lord?"

"They must say the cobras are out this afternoon. I have seen them. He must come back at once."

He saw the three (*Continued on page 64*)

DESIGN OF EVERYDAY THINGS IN THE HOME

A COMPETITION FOR YOUTH

"The Shapes of Things to Come"

£1500
In Prizes

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W. H. SMITH & SON'S ADVERTISING AGENCY

CLOSING DATE
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EMPLOYERS
are invited to organize Staff Entries

A competition under the above title has been organized by the Central Institute of Art & Design, The National Gallery, London, at the invitation of W. H. Smith & Son, so that British youth may express to manufacturers their ideas for the design of domestic furniture and equipment. Entries will be judged solely on the merits of the ideas presented. Open to British subjects of either sex, under 30 years of age, including members of H.M. Forces.
No entrance fee.

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When I can get it, I prefer

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CRISP, NOURISHING DAILY BREAD

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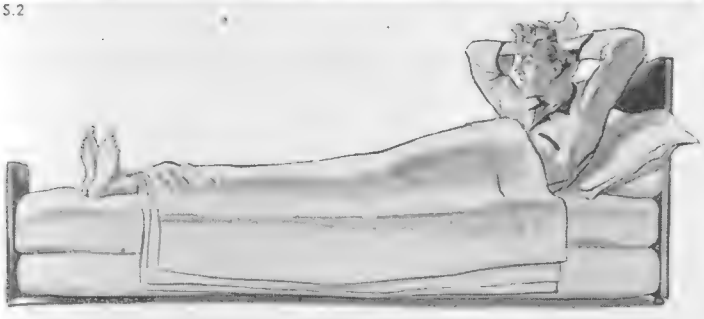

How big is a blanket?

People who ask for merely "single-bed" or "double-bed" size are apt to regret it, for "stock" sizes vary a lot. Ample length is as important as ample width for a generous tuck-under, excluding draughts and making the bed-clothes stay put during sleep. How to make sure of correct proportions before you buy blankets is among many valuable hints given in the new illustrated booklet, issued for the guidance of British housewives. It is entitled "How Wide Is a Bed Cover?" and deals also with Sheets, Bedspreads, Down Quilts, Towels.

FREE: Write for your copy of this helpful booklet (the edition is limited), to Vantona Household Advice Bureau, Dept. 45, Portland Street, Manchester.

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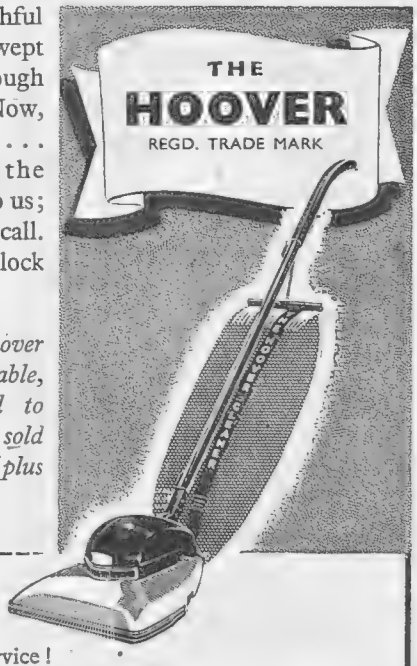

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Top Note

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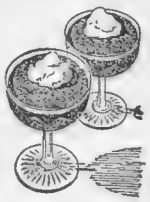
FRUIT MELANGE

5 to 6 servings. *2 good tablespoons sugar; 2 tablespoons plain flour; pinch salt, 2 reconstituted eggs; 1 breakfastcup bottled blackberries, or other small fruit, like raspberries, gooseberries, etc., breakfastcup juice drained from the fruit; ¼ teaspoon lemon essence.*



Mix sugar, flour and salt in saucepan, then stir in fruit juice. Stir while flour cooks (time about 5 minutes). Then very slowly blend into the eggs. Return mixture to pan and cook over hot water, or very low heat, for further 2 minutes. *Do not boil.* Add the fruit and lemon essence. Serve when cold in individual custard glasses with Mock Cream. This Melange also makes a delicious filling for sponge-sandwich.

Mock Cream. *1 tablespoon margarine; 1 tablespoon castor sugar; 1 tablespoon thick blancmange; few drops of vanilla essence.* Cream margarine and sugar together until soft as butter cream. Stir in blancmange a little at a time. Add vanilla. Whip well.

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men off, then gave some swift, soft-spoken instructions to the Burmese before he rejoined Wilthew.

"Well, mister Kent. What do you think, about changing your mind, seeing that your girl-friend's on her way there now?" He added, interestingly: "What a time we had, too, fixing up a passage. Travel these days—it's terrible!"

"No," said Kent. "I've thought it over. I'm not changing my mind."

"Ah well. No hard feelings." He held the glass out. Kent took it, then set it down again.

"When your pal comes back. I'm worried about him."

"He's all right. He knows the jungle."

"I've sent some men for him."

Wilthew looked across suddenly. His fingers tightened on the glass. His voice was quiet.

"Why should you do that, mister Kent?"

"You don't want to be carrying two sick men back to Sauratan, do you?"

For a fleeting second the American held Kent's eye, then his glance shifted to the door; and he almost leapt up.

"My God, that big elephant's loose!"

"That's all right. We're going to let him work with his pal: if he'll work."

The mahout was leading Poo Gow slowly to the water's edge, where the tuskers were already hard at it, rolling the logs into the stream. The pal, Poo Loi, was jammed close against their old leader; then the pal began, her tusks under a log, while Poo Gow jerked that huge head fitfully from side to side. For a minute Poo Gow was undecided. He tried his tusks gingerly in the stack, and withdrew quickly, tugging, because in the wilds his tusks had grown too sharp. But he tried again while fifty men watched, and he scraped a tusk sideways down the bark; then the head went down again, and this time he caught the great log well and truly, and down it rolled.

The elephant's eyes followed the log, and it seemed an old memory was returning. A couple of seconds, and he tossed his next log—and the next—and Poo Gow was working again!

Triumph at last, and suddenly! Kent found himself breathing fast.

"See that?" he said. "All the whipping and chains in the world wouldn't have done that."

"Bolony," Wilthew said.

"You've always got to leave elephants a bit of individuality—got to humour them."

"I'm not so interested in taming elephants."

There seemed to be an edge to the man's voice: what was getting on the American's nerves? Kent went on, cheerfully:—

"Isn't your job persuading people to do things for you? Or does money do it every time? Or do you try force?"

Wilthew yawned loudly; then turned as they heard somebody coming in from the jungle. It was Moulter, looking very grim indeed, and followed by three much abashed coolies.

Kent met him, and said amiably:—

"I sent for you because it's not safe out there. Come in and have a drink. There's one waiting for you."

He noted Wilthew's effort to get up the bungalow steps first, and Wilthew was sitting already by the time Kent held out to the other American the full glass of whisky. The teak man saw Moulter's eyes flicker over to his companion. Moulter held the glass a while, revolving it slowly, then he puffed heavily and sat down. He put the glass on the table. The way he was feeling after his tramp, he said, a drink would knock him silly.

"Just how I felt when it was offered to me," Kent smiled.

Neither of his company smiled.

Into the silence there broke shouts from the river. The flood was coming! The floods that would carry the logs for several weeks before they died down, leaving the teak to wait for the next onrush.

It was an excellent excuse for Kent to hurry out, but he ignored the vital river-party workers. Fifty yards up-stream a few coolies were working for one of the Burmese clerks. They were making a small raft, six

An End To The Trouble

logs bound together, covered with matting, and moored to a rock by rope. Other coolies were bringing large tins to the spot.

Satisfied, Kent left them and called to Wilthew to come and see the elephants at work in the water. "And fetch that drink!" he shouted. "I feel like it now!"

Wilthew and Moulter came out. Asked about the raft, Kent explained they always sent a couple of men down on a raft behind all the logs, to report any serious jams down river.

"You want this?" Wilthew inquired tepidly, handing over the glass.

Excitement mounted among the natives, as the water rose faster and faster, bearing branches and leaves, and lifting some of the logs from the bottom. Kent felt the thrill, too: more of a thrill than he'd known before.

"What about your other friend?" he cried. "He doesn't want to miss this!" A few quick words in Lao, and coolies were running up the steps, to reappear with the litter, which was set down by the river. The invalid showed no reaction.

"What's the idea?" Wilthew snapped. "He shouldn't be in the sun!"

His taut voice was lost in the shouting as the height of the flood swept through at last, washing high up the bank, carrying the mighty logs off, veering slowly in the currents. And now the mahouts were driving the tuskers into the water to throw aside logs which were turning and jamming the passage—a tremendous sight. Only Poo Gow and Poo Loi held back from the job: evidently old Luang Bon wouldn't risk this.

"O.K.," the American snapped. "It's the flood."

But as he turned for the bungalow, Kent raised a finger; Luang Bon did something; then came a scream of warning, for Poo Gow was off again, gone wild again, rearing on his hind legs to a horrible height.

"My God," Kent bellowed, "get away! Look! On there, quick."

He meant the raft, and he almost pushed Wilthew on to it, to safety, then Moulter followed, while Poo Gow roared and the coolies fled. And before Moulter had got his balance on the uneven matting, Kent and the Burmese had the litter safe on board, too.

The flash of a knife, and the mooring rope was cut. The raft floated smoothly out into the speedy current.

The yelling and roars stopped then. Poo Gow nestled up against his pal, and the old mahout was standing beside them, the picture of peace. It had been a trick as good as Reiner's.

Wilthew was livid with anger. The silent Moulter began swearing in genuine Middle-west accents. The sick man rose from his bed like an avenging fury, smashed the litter with strong hands and flung lumps of wood at the men on shore.

Wilthew drew a revolver.

"Don't be silly," Kent called. "No need to hang for murder, is there? You'll be all right for a few weeks—there's plenty of food and water in those tins on board. I don't suppose I'll have any more trouble from 'Frisco, but I'll let them know you did your best." He had to raise his voice, as the raft quickened. "It was a neat little plan—two men and a sick man coming here, two men and a sick man going away—but a different sick man."

He held up the glass and poured out the drugged whisky.

"Or maybe you'd have liked it?" he called, louder. "You'll have plenty of time to think, anyway—think about the right way to handle elephants—and men!"

By now Reiner had given up trying to grab at overhanging foliage, and had sat down, like the other two, on the tin boxes. Once Moulter stood up to test his foot on logs floating nearby, but he gave that up too.

So slowly, in perfect silence, the trouble began to float out of Kent's life at last, under green leaves that patterned with sunshine the smooth, swift water of the Mae Gonya.

END

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Your Public Library

(*Continued from page 42*)

to the honesty of the reading public? And this in spite of the fact that here are to be found valuable books and those which are out of print and therefore irreplaceable.

Who started our public libraries?

That romantic personality with pantomime associations, but an authentic existence as Lord Mayor of London, Sir Richard Whittington, was the first to establish a London library in the Guildhall, for the general benefit of the city, between 1421 and 1426. This was a fine and useful collection but, unfortunately, in 1522 the Lord Protector Somerset depleted it by removing some three cartloads of books, and the remainder were destroyed in the Great Fire of 1666 with the Guildhall itself.

It is to Queen Victoria's Golden Age that we are indebted for the creation of municipal libraries as we know them. The first Act of Parliament establishing public libraries in England was passed in 1850. This was the result of a general report made in 1849, proving that there was a widespread demand for this particular amenity of civilization. The libraries, limited by this first Act to towns with a minimum population of 10,000, were originally paid for by the collection of one penny in the pound of the rateable value of each district (although this arrangement has since been varied, and many of our county libraries are supported by special rating). Management was by a committee appointed by the local authorities.

In 1855 the limit of population for a town that might wish to establish a public library was reduced to 5,000, and by 1866 all limits were abolished; but it was not until 1915, when grants from the Carnegie Trust were allotted for this purpose, that a public service of borrowable books was established on any considerable scale in rural areas.

END

Yoked Blouse

(*Continued from page 46*)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 40 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

THE BACK

Work as for the back until armhole shaping is complete (88 sts.). Continue now in main ribbing and main colour.

Work until armhole measures 3 ins. Divide sts. for the back opening. Work 45 sts. (place the remaining 45 sts. on a spare needle). Work until armhole measures 6½ ins.

SHAPE NECK

Cast off 12 sts. at beg. of next neck edge row. Continue for ½ in., casting off 1 st. at beg. of every neck edge row until 28 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 7 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the 45 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

THE SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles cast on 86 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 2 ins. Change to No. 10 needles and work in rib for 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of next and every following 4th row until 90 sts. Work without further shaping until sleeve measures 5 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 1 st. at beg. of every row until 38 sts. remain. Cast off.

HALF COLLAR

With No. 12 needles cast on 70 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 2 ins. Cast off. Make another half.

EDGING

With No. 12 needles and contrast wool, cast on 4 sts.

1st row.—K.

2nd row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 (5 sts.).

3rd row.—K. 3, m. 1, k. 2 (6 sts.).

4th row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 4 (7 sts.).

5th row.—K. 2, m. 1, k. 2 tog., k. 1, m. 1, k. 2 (8 sts.).

6th row.—Cast off 4 sts. K. to end.

These 6 rows form patt.

Work to go round each half of collar.

Work two pieces to go round the lower part of each sleeve.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up side, shoulder, and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves. Turn back lower edge of sleeve 1 in. and press. Sew on sleeve edging. Sew on the edging to two halves of collar. Sew on collar. Work 2 rows of double crochet down each side of back opening. Make two button loops on the right-hand side. Press all seams. Sew on buttons.

Striped Sweater

(*Continued from page 46*)

SHAPE SHOULDER

Cast off 8 sts. at beg. of next 4 armhole end rows. Return to the remaining 45 sts. on spare needle and work to correspond.

FRONT

Work as for the back until armhole shaping is complete. Continue until armhole measures 6 ins.

SHAPE NECK

Work 40 sts., cast off 10 sts. Work 40 sts. Work on the last set of 40 sts. (place the first set on a spare needle). Work for 2 ins. at the same time casting off 2 sts. every neck edge row until 32 sts. remain.

SHAPE SHOULDER

As for back. Return to the 40 sts. on spare needle. Join wool at the back edge and work to correspond.

SLEEVES

With No. 12 needles, cast on 54 sts. Work in patt. for 1 in. Change to No. 10 needles, work 1 in., then inc. 1 st. each end of the next and every 8th row following until 90 sts. Continue until sleeve measures 18 ins. from the cast-on edge.

SHAPE TOP

Cast off 6 sts. at beg. of next 2 rows, then dec. 1 st. each end of every alternate row until 32 sts. remain. Then 1 st. each end of every row until 22 sts. remain. Cast off.

CUFFS

With No. 12 needles and main colour wool, cast on 54 sts. Rib in k. 1, p. 1, for 3 ins. Cast off.

NECK EDGING

With No. 12 needles, cast on 130 sts. Rib 1½ ins. Cast off.

TO MAKE UP

Press all parts with a warm iron and damp cloth. Sew up shoulder side and sleeve seams. Sew in sleeves, making two small pleats at the top of shoulder. Sew on cuffs to the lower edge of sleeves and turn back. Sew on neck edging. Work two rows of double crochet each side of the back opening. Make two button loops on the right side of opening. Press all seams. Sew on buttons. Make two loops at the side of waist for belt.

ABBREVIATIONS

K. = knit; p. = purl; st. or sts. = stitch or stitches; dec. = decrease; tog. = together; sl. = slip; inc. = increase; patt. = pattern; beg. = beginning; ins. = inches.

END

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Getting Ready For The Spring

(*Continued from page* 16)

do this. Never use an adjustable spanner for a hexagonal nut, as it does not grip properly and wears the edges of the nut. The hubs as a rule only need attention every 1000 miles or so. To grease them it is necessary to remove the wheels. Put on the brake, and loosen the nuts with the wheel brace; then jack up the wheel and remove it. In some makes, in the hub will be seen a screw which must be removed with a screw-driver. The grease is then injected into the hole and the screw replaced. Other makes have grease nipples. Put on the wheel and screw up the nuts. Lower the jack and tighten the nuts thoroughly. While the wheel is off look over the cover and remove any flints with an old penknife. This bit of carefulness may save you several punctures.

A good oil can is a *necessity*. Go round with it and thoroughly oil places marked on your chart, not forgetting a drop or two in the clutch—the oil hole is usually near the gear box, and covered with a tin plate.

The plugs should be examined every now and again. Take off the top screw and remove the lead. Then with the correct box spanner take out a plug. The points may be dull and slightly corroded; if so gently scrape them with an old penknife. Then test the distance between the points with the gauge supplied in your tool kit and if found too wide gently press them together a little.

Now as to cleaning. If there is an unholy accumulation of mud on the undercarriage and beneath the wings it will have to be washed off. Use a hose and at the same time work at it with a long-handled brush. Then rinse with plenty of clean water. But if the car is kept reasonably clean much the simplest and pleasantest method is to use one of the proprietary cleaners. Sprinkle some of the cleaner on to a clean, *fluffless* cloth and rub all over the car, using a circular motion. Continue rubbing until a really good shine appears and then finish off by polishing with a soft clean cloth.

Should you have the misfortune to scrape off some of your paint it is easy to renovate it with one of the cellulose paints now on the market. First thoroughly clean the injured part and if at all rusty rub with sandpaper until you are down to the bare metal. Then give a final polish with a "petrolly" rag to remove the last trace of any grease. Now apply the cellulose paint with a soft brush. Paint it on lightly and do not work it in as you do ordinary paint. Go well over the edges of the scar, as this paint does not leave a "hard line." Leave to dry, and the mark should be almost invisible.

The great satisfaction one derives from doing the work oneself is that one knows for certain *that it is done*, and that everything is in apple-pie order.

END

Hands Across The Bar

(*Continued from page* 28)

electrified the soldiers. This was better. Sooner or later, one babe led to others, and this one for a starter was a lulu.

Dad Laker said to the girl, unselfconsciously busy at the glass: "Bluebell baad, Bessie?"

Hands to her hair, she replied: "I don't know, Mr. Laker. She's never had any trouble before. But she's five days late, she's gone down and she's in a lot of pain. It would be the last straw for father if he lost her, after Dan'l."

"Aye, t'would zo. Voinest maare i' Zuzzex, she be. It'll be thaat 'it she give 'erself when thaat there bomb zcared 'er, baack i' winter. Oi don't loike it."

"Oh, it'll be all right," said Bessie Blunden stoutly. "The trouble is, there's no one to do anything. It's mother's day cooking for the evacuee kids. She *will* do it, though it's killing her. She won't be back till she's given them their supper. Father's just as bad. He'll be on duty again to-night, and he's too

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old for what he does. And to cap it the pump's gone wrong. Spare parts simply can't be got, and it's such a job watering horses with a pail. How they get on when I'm not here I can't imagine." She shivered. "There's still that draught in here." She popped out and came back pulling on the light blue tunic of the W.A.A.F., with a sergeant's stripes and on the breast a blue and crimson ribbon.

The G.I.s' eyebrows climbed as they eyed each other. They had learned from official sources that a ribbon on a British uniform meant one thing only and, each conscious of his own several ribbons, their ears, that had not yet heard the noise of battle, reddened.

For quite some time they sat and no one spoke. Then Shutt's eyes met those of the lad from Iowa and saw his thoughts reflected there. He said: "Let's go," and the two farm boys stood up.

Ed Breen ejaculated: "Hey! We're stayin'."

"You wait here, Ed," Bossack told him. "We'll be back."

Ed eyed them incredulously. But, if they were goons enough to hand a break like that to him, he had no beef. With a shrug and a deprecatory "Okay," he inquired: "Where you goin?"

Not without diffidence, Cal explained where and why, and as Ed heard, his eyebrows climbed. Then they went out, leaving the field to him.

But instead of stepping brightly to the bar and turning his well-tried line on Bessie, he sat, mug in hand, gazing at the fire with underlip thrust out, considering what Cal had said.

His conclusions, arrived at shortly, were that Cal had something.

Acting on this conviction, presently he drank up his beer, shoved the pot on the table and lounged across to the bar.

Bessie who, he noted with the close-up, was indeed a lulu, faced him inquiringly and not without approval.

"Lookit ma'am. I heard you say your pump's give out. I'm pretty good at pumps an' stuff, workin' 'round garages an' like that. I'm fond of tinkerin' an' I'm fed up doin' nothin'. I ain't had a spanner in my hand these eighteen months, an' I'd like it fine if you'd lemme try her. An', if you want any water, I might's well haul it. Just show me where it's at an' where you keep your tools . . ."

BEHIND the Fish and Ferret is a yard with thatched barns around a cobbled square with a duckpond in the middle. In a loosebox in one barn, fragrant with hay, George Blunden knelt beside the great bulk of a Clydesdale mare, flat on her side on the straw. Her sleek bay coat was dark with sweat, her breath came hard, and now and then she strained and groaned.

Blunden was swearing at the boy trying to help him: "Not that way. So help me, can't you see——"

A hand slid under the boy's arm, lifting him to his feet. Cal Shutts said: "Okay bub. Lemme come, will you?"

Cal knelt by Blunden. "Mind if I have a look, sir? We raise a few horses back in Vermont. Percherons, my father's are."

Blunden with anxious face looked up surprisingly. After a hard, straight look at Cal, he said: "Foal's got turned sideways. Bomb scared her an' she crashed into a gate-post, Christmas time. See for yourself."

Cal pitched off his dapper walking-out serge. Rolling up his sleeves, he said to Bossack. "Hold her head, Homer, 'case she tries gettin' up."

When at length he sat back he said: "Yep. That's what it is, I reckon."

"Aye, dammit. Best broodmare in the country. Thirteen foals she's give me an' my father. Three champions. 'Eart like a lion, pullin', she 'as, too. An' the one vet the guv'ment left us is at Pulborough with a dairy herd that got bombed last night. She's five days late. Looks like I'll lose her." George's face filled with grief.

"Oh, now, I wouldn't say that, sir," Shutts said. "What instruments you got?"

George shook his head. "Don't keep 'em. Vet brings 'em if he needs 'em."

"We don't use vets so much back home. Maybe we can make out. You make butter here?"

"Butter? Why no. What the 'ell——"

"Anyone nearby does?"

"Well—yes. Farm quarter mile down the road."

Cal told Bossack: "Take the kid down and make him show you. Borrow their butter paddles. Tell 'em if we smash 'em we'll pay double. And on your way go in the house and tell 'em hot water, lots of it, and keep it comin' when we start to use it. Step on it."

"Roger." Bossack acknowledged. "Come on, son." As he and the boy started off, Cal turned to Blunden.

"Got any hosepipe? Couple of feet. And a funnel?"

"Good. Then cord, not thick, not thin, but strong."

"Okay. Now grease. Butter? Soft soap? Vaseline?"

"Axle grease? Fine an' dandy. And disinfectant. Sulphur? Iodine? Peroxide?"

"No? Permanganate then?"

"Sure. That'll do. And thread. Pack? Carpet? Toughest you can. An' needles, 'case we have to sew."

Bossack, hurrying back after a successful visit to the farm, passed Ed Breen, on his knees in the wet yard by the back door, wrestling with awestruck incredulity and appropriate language with a patched-up cast-iron plunger pump that had been new in 1822.

It was an hour later. The bar was closed till evening. Accompanied by Shutts and Bossack, old George Blunden entered the kitchen by the back door. All three were badly mussed but smiling.

"Bess," he began, "there'll be two more to——"

He stopped at the sight of Ed Breen, in his shirt sleeves at the big black kitchen range with a jug of batter and a skillet, dexterously tossing up a flapjack, a golden stack of which stood ready in the open oven.

Bessie, who looked somewhat flustered, said: "I thought you'd all be wanting tea and we're short of bread. So Mr. Breen——"

"Ed," put in that worthy calmly.

Bessie blushed. "Ed said if we had the things he could make pancakes, and there *were* flour and dried eggs and milk and—and, well, he's making them. They're wonderful."

"Should be. Slung 'em two seasons on the Boardwalk. You make 'em good there or else," Ed explained.

"And he's mended the pump. He used an old boot of yours and something he took off the meat-mincer. It works better than it ever did. But how's Bluebell?"

"She's fine," replied her father. "Got a nice black colt, thanks to these gentlemen. Vet couldn't ha' done it better. Now, if you'll excuse me genelmen," he said with an air somewhat mysterious. "My daughter will see you get a wash." Thereon George disappeared.

The dining-room was beamed and panelled, one corner of the floor two inches higher than the other, and cluttered with grim portraits of Victorian Blundens in their Sunday best, oriental weapons and large cases of stuffed birds. When Betty showed the soldiers into its better light, Shutts moved swiftly close to Breen and hissed: "Wipe the lipstick off your puss, you lug."

Beneath the floor had been strange sounds—thuds, clatterings and cursings. Now a narrow door came open in the corner, showing the narrow way down to a cellar. Labouring up the poky stairs with measured tread and heavy breath appeared George Blunden, sweating, with a spider's web across his face, anxiously carrying in both arms a great, brass-bound, oak-ewer. He wore khaki battle dress, with the words Home Guard on the shoulders and a sergeant's stripes. On his breast, in a many-coloured block, were the ribbons of four rows of decorations won in battle. He set the ewer with extreme care on the table, breathed hard and clawed the cobweb from his face. He said: "Excuse the rags, genelmen. I got recruits to drill to-night."

Ed Breen said: "Jeez, sir, you've seen some service."

Bessie took a photograph from the wall and passed it to him. It showed an immaculate, scowling man in gold and scarlet with a bear-skin cap, a ramrod back and mouth open like a coal chute, drilling the Guard outside St. James's Palace. "Service!" George snorted. "Egyp' an' Omdurman with yer Winston Churchill 'fore 'e was dry be'ind the ears. India, Burma, South Africa, all the last dust-up with the Fritzes. Thirty odd year I put in, an' a fat lot I got out of it."

Homer Bossack said: "And now the Home Guard, eh? We heard about that back home, how everyone come swarming out when it looked like the Germans would be landing."

"Yes," growled George: "We was layin' for the ——s. We had 'em all tied up, but the R.A.F. had to spoil it for us."

Dismissing such immaterial and mundane things, back straight, eyes hard and shoulders square, he now assumed a great new dignity. Laying hands reverently on the great oak ewer, he turned to Eddie Breen. "You was talkin' about beer inside young feller. Well, it so 'appens I got some *beer* in the cellar. My father laid it down, an' I draw a drop now an' then for extra special. Last time was when my son George, who's now a major in the Royal Sussex, an' Dan'l, what the Jerries killed at Sidi Reseg, come 'ome from Dunkirk. An'," he growled, "'s fine turn-up that was to make a fuss about. Arf a million troops, 'orse, foot an' guns, crawlin' 'ome in their shirt-tails. We'd ha' called it a lickin' an' kept *choop* about it in my day."

Then he demanded: "Bessie. Pewter."

Bessie brought three ordinary pewter pots and one huge ornate one with on one side an embossed coat of arms, and on the other the inscription: "*To Regimental Sergeant-Major G. P. Blunden, D.C.M., M.M., from the Sergeants of the 2nd Battalion, Coldstream Guards, on his retirement as a token of affection and esteem.*"

Bessie ranged the pots on the table and her father filled them ceremoniously with smooth, dark-brown liquid having a dense, cream-coloured foam. He gave one to each of his guests and took the presentation pot himself. Raising it, he said: "There y'are, genelmen. That's beer. Wellin'ton's men fought on that. An' Nelson's. An' the old Brigade o' Guards. It's what made this country. An, if you ask me, it's waterin' it down, and arguin' the toss with foreigners instead o' tellin' 'em, what's wreckin' us."

He shoved his cuff back and raised his pot. "You saved our old mare to-day, genelmen. Thank ye. 'Ere's my very best. Good 'ealth, 'an welcome to this 'ouse." With measured pulls, not drawing breath, he drank the pot bottom up, then drew his sleeve across his mouth and set it down with a mighty: "*Ahhhhh!*"

The three young soldiers raised their pots: "Good health, sir." "Thank you, sir." Lacking his style, power and finish, they drank as deeply as they could. The ale was full and nutty and, though it went down like oil, most powerfully gripped their vitals. When they lowered their pots, still half full, they stood with watering eyes and gasped: "Cripes!" "Say!" and "Jeepers!"

George Blunden said: "That, genelmen, is beer. An' you mustn't mind them inside mistakin' you for foreigners. I did myself, at first."

END

1.1.46

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